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* *Burns's Life and Correspondence*, carefully collated, forms another volume of the English Classics. The whole of *Currie's Life of Burns* is retained, and to the *Correspondence* published in his edition, many letters (including those to *Clarinda*) are added from other sources.

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The present, therefore, it is believed, will be found the most complete edition of Burns's Poetical Works which has been published.

July, 1833.

CONTENTS.

EPISTLES.

SATIRES.

ELEGIES.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

EPITAPHS.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

TO THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, &c.

Y.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.* Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passion, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth shewing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear

is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scottish rhymes together, looking upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine Elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that '*Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!' If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal, unaffected sincerity, declares, that even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scottish Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks—not the mercenary bow, over a counter—but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dullness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service —where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land—those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of Dedication, to thank you for past favours. That path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours. I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to

tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance! and may Tyranny in the Ruler, and Licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, April 4, 1787.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o'[a] Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,[b]
Forgather'd[c] ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,[d]
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs
But whalpit[e] some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw[f] brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient[g] a pride nae pride had he;
But wad hae[h] spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messin':[i]
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,[k]
Nae tawted[l] tyke,[m] tho' e'er sae duddie,[n]
But he wad stan't,[o] as glad to see him,
And stroan't[p] on stanes and hillocks[q] wi' him.

a Of. *b* Had nothing to do at home. *c* Met.
d Ears. *e* Whelped. *f* Large, handsome.
g Fiend, devil. *h* Would have. *i* A small dog.
k Smithy, or smith's work-shop. *l* Having the hair matted together.
m Dog. *n* Ragged.
o Stand, or stop. *p* To piss.
q Stones and little hills.

The tither[r] was a ploughman's collie,[s]
A rhyming, ranting, roaring billie,[t]
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,[u]
Was made lang syne[w]—Lord knows how lang.
He was a gash[x] and faithful tyke,
As ever lap[y] a sheugh[z] or dyke.
His honest, sonsie,[a] baws'nt[b] face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka[c] place.
His breast was white, his touzie[d] back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie[e] tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies[f] wi' a swirl.[g]
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,[h]
An' unco pack and thick[i] thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles[k] snuff't and snowkit,[l]
Whyles[m] mice and moudieworts[n] they howkit;[o]
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin'[p] weary grown,
Upon a knowe[q] they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the *Lords o' the Creation.*

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.[r]
Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain,[s] and a' his stents:[t]

r The other. *s* A country cur. *t* A young fellow
u Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal. *w* Long since.
x Sagacious. *y* Leaped. *z* Trench, or sluice.
a Engaging. *b* Having a white stripe down the face.
c Every. *d* Shaggy. *e* Large. *f* Loins. *g* Curve.
h Fond of each other. *i* And very intimate. *k* Sometimes.
l Scented. *m* Sometimes. *n* Moles. *o* Digged.
p Merriment, foolishness. *q* A small hillock. *r* At al
s Fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
t Tribute, dues of any kind.

He rises when he likes himsel ;
His flunkies[u] answer at the bell :
He ca's[w] his coach, he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,[x]
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.[y]
Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin',
Yet ev'n the ha' folk[a] fill their pechan[b]
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like thrastrie,
That 's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee[c] blastit[d] wonner,[e]
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than onie tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan' :
An' what poor cot-folk pit[f] their painch[g] in,
I own it 's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they 're fasht[h] eneugh ;
A cotter howkin[i] in a sheugh,[k]
Wi' dirty stanes biggin'[l] a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie[m] o' wee duddie weans,[n]
An' nought but his han' darg,[o] to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.[p]
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think a wee touch langer,
An' they maun[q] starve o' cauld and hunger.

u Livery-servants. *w* Calls.
x Stitches. *y* Peeps. *z* Cramming. *a* Hall-folk, servants.
b Stomach. *c* Little. *d* Blasted.
e A contemptuous appellation. *f* Put. *g* Paunch.
h Troubled. *i* Digging. *k* Trench. *l* Building.
m A numerous collection of small individuals.
n Ragged children. *o* Day's work.
p Clothing, necessaries. *q* Must.

But how it comes I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
And buirdly chiels,[r] and clever hizzies,[s]
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye 're neglecktit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
L—d, man, our gentry care but little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.[t]
I've notic'd, on our laird's court-day,
And monie a time my heart 's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole[u] a factor's snash :[w]
He 'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He 'll apprehend them, poind[x] their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !
I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches ?

LUATH.

They 're nae sae wretched 's ane wad think ;
Tho' constantly on poortith's[y] brink :
They 're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They 're ay in less or mair provided ;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie[z] weans[a] an' faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

r Stout-made young men.
s Hussies, young women. *t* A badger. *u* Suffer, endure.
w Abuse. *x* To seize for rent. *y* Poverty.
z Of thriving growth. *a* Children.

An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappie[b]
Can make the bodies unco[c] happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the kirk and state affairs;
They 'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation 's comin',
An' ferlie[d] at the folk in Lon'on.
As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin' kirns,[e]
When *rural life* o' every station,
Unite in common recreation:
Love blinks, wit slaps, and social mirth,
Forgets there 's care upo' the earth.
That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappie reeks wi' mantling ream,[g]
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin'[h] pipe, and sneeshin' mill,[i]
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie[k] auld folks cracking crouse,[l]
The young anes ranting thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain[m] to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit[n] wi' them.
Still it 's owre[o] true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There 's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont[p] folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed[q] to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins,[r] thrang a-parliamentin',
For Britain's guid[s] his saul indentin'[t]—

b Ale. *c* Very. *d* Wonder. *e* The harvest supper.
g To foam, or froth. *h* Smoking. *i* Snuff-box.
k Cheerful. *l* Conversing merrily. *m* Glad, happy.
n Shouted, hallooed. *o* Over *p* Respectable.
q Avarice, selfishness. *r* Perhaps. *s* Good.
t Making a bargain, or selling his vote for seven years.

CÆSAR.

Haith,[u] lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith I doubt it:
Say rather, gaun[w] as Premiers lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no* 's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,[x]
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, and tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.
There at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives[y] his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht[z] wi' nowt;[a]
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly[b] German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech[c] man! dear sirs! is that the gate[d]
They waste sae monie a braw[e] estate!
Are we sae foughten[f] an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!
O, would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themselves wi' countra[g] sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter![h]

u A petty oath. *w* Going. *x* Mad, foolish.
y Divides and squanders. *z* Fight.
a Black cattle—in allusion to the Spanish bull-fights.
b Muddy. *c* Oh! strange. *d* The way. *e* Large.
f Troubled. *g* Country. *h* Cottager.

For thae[i] frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,[k]
Fient haet[l] o' them 's ill-hearted fellows:
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,[m]
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,[n]
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they 're ill to poor folk.
But will you tell me, master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles[o] whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It 's true they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They 've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt[p] them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he 's right eneugh;
A country-girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen 's[q] done, she 's unco weel:[r]
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst:
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet[s] ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless:
An' e'en their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places;

i These *k* Young men. *l* A petty oath of negation.
m Timber. *n* A strumpet, or kept mistress. *o* Sometimes.
p To trouble or molest. *q* A dozen. *r* Very happy.
s The deuce of any thing.

There 's sic[t] parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then souther[u] a' in deep debauches;
Ae[w] night they 're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest[x] day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They 're a' run deils[y] an' jades thegither.
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,[z]
They sip the scandal potion pretty:
Or lee-lang[a] nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;[b]
Stake on a chance a farmer's stack-yard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.
By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming[c] brought the night;
The bum-clock[d] humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye[e] stood routin' i' the loan:[f]
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,[g]
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs;*
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.
Gawin Douglas.

When chapman billies[h] leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,

t Such. *u* Solder, cement. *w* One. *x* Next.
y Right-down devils. *z* Cup and saucer. *a* Live-long.
b Playing cards. *c* Twilight.
d A humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
e Cows. *f* Lowing in the place of milking. *g* Ears.
h Hawkers, or pedlars.

As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;[i]
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps,[k] and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand[l] honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he, frae Ayr, ae[m] night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,[n]
A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken blellum;[o]
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober,
That ilka[p] melder,[q] wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller:
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou[r] on .
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks[s] in the mirk,[t]
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,[u]
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

i To go their way. *k* Gates. *l* Found. *m* One.
n A worthless fellow. *o* A nonsensical, idle-talking fellow
p Every.
q A grist, or small quantity of corn taken to the mill to be ground. *r* Drunk. *s* Wizards.
t Dark. *u* Makes me weep.

But to our tale: Ae[w] market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle,[x] bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,[y] that drank divinely;
And at his elbow souter[z] Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair[a] and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades[b] o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

w One. *x* Fire-place. *y* Frothing ale.
z A shoemaker. *a* Roar. *b* Loads.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit[c] on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whyles[d] holding fast his guid blue bonnet
Whyles crooning[e] o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whyles glow'ring[f] round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles[g] catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets[h] nightly cry.—
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman[i] smoor'd;[k]
And past the birks[l] and meikle stane,[m]
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;
And thro' the whins,[n] and by the cairn,[o]
Whare hunters fand[p] the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon[q] the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka[r] bore[s] the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

c Galloped. *d* Sometimes. *e* Humming a tune.
f Looking. *g* Spirits, hobgoblins. *h* Owls.
i A travelling pedlar. *k* Was smothered. *l* Birch trees.
m A large stone. *n* Furze. *o* A heap of stones.
p Found. *q* Above. *r* Every. *s* A hole in the wall.

Wi' tippenny,[t] we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquabae,[u] we'll face the Devil !—
The swats sae ream'd[w] in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na Deils a bodle.[x]
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light ;
And, vow ! Tam saw an unco[y] sight ;
Warlocks[z] and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillion brent new[a] frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker[b] in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke,[c] black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge ;
He screw'd the pipes and gart[d] them skirl,[e]
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.[f]—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
And by some devilish cantrip[g] slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which, heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly[h] table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;[i]
Twa span-lang, wee,[k] unchristen'd bairns ;
A thief, new cutted fra a rape,[l]
Wi' his last gasp his gab[m] did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted ;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;

t Ale. *u* Whisky.
w The ale so foamed. *x* A small copper coin.
y Strange, frightful. *z* Wizards. *a* Quite new.
b Window-seat. *c* A shaggy dog. *d* Made, forced.
e To make a shrill noise. *f* Tremble. *g* A charm or spell.
h Holy. *i* Irons. *k* Little. *l* Rope. *m* Mouth.

Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu:
As Tammie glow'r'd,[n] amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,[o]
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,[p]
And coost her duddies[q] to the wark,
And linket[r] at it in her sark.[s]
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,[t]
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;[u]
Thir[w] breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,[x]
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies![y]
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags[z] wad spean[a] a foal,
Lowping[b] an' flinging on a crummock,[c]
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,[d]
There was ae winsome[e] wench and walie,[f]
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd[g] on Carrick shore!
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd monie a bonnie boat,

n Stared. *o* Caught.
p Till every old woman was in a reeking sweat.
q Cast off her rags. *r* Tripped. *s* Shirt.
t Greasy flannel. *u* Linen of the finest quality. *w* These.
x The loins, &c. *y* Plural of burd—a damsel.
z Gallows hags. *a* To wean. *b* Leaping.
c A cow with crooked horns. *d* Full well.
e One hearty. *f* Jolly. *g* Seen or known.

And shook baith meikle corn and bear,[h]
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark[i] o' Paisley harn,[k]
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.[l]
Ah! little kenn'd[m] thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft[n] for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots[o] ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!
But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap[p] and flang
(A souple jad she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Ev'n Satan glowr'd,[q] and fidg'd fu' fain,[r]
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne[s] anither,
Tam tint[t] his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, *Weel done, Cutty-sark!*[u]
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,[w]
When plundering herds assail their byke;[x]
As open pussie's[y] mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch[z] skreech and hollow.

h Much corn and barley. *i* Short shirt. *k* Paisley linen.
l Proud of it. *m* Thought, or knew. *n* Bought.
o Two pounds Scotch—3*s*. 4*d*. sterling.
p Leaped. *q* Looked on with rapture.
r Manifested a fidgetty kind of joy or pleasure.
s Then. *t* Lost. *u* Short shirt.
w In a great fuss. *x* A bee-hive. *y* A hare.
z Frightful, ghastly.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'![a]
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane[b] of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake;
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;[c]
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught[d] her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk[e] man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.[f]

a Get the reward of thy temerity.

b It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

c Attempt. *d* Laid hold of. *e* Every.

f Died at Lochwinnoch, on the 9th inst. (August, 1823) Thomas Reid, labourer. He was born on the 21st of October, 1745, in the clachan of Kyle, Ayrshire. The importance attached to this circumstance arises from his being the celebrated equestrian hero of Burns' Poem 'Tam O'Shanter.' He has at length surmounted the 'mosses, rivers, slaps, and styles' of life. For a considerable time by-past he has been in the service of Major Hervey, of Castle-Semple, nine months of which he has been incapable of labour; and to the honour of Mr. Hervey be it named, he has, with a fostering and laudable generosity, soothed, as far as it was in his power, the many ills of age and disease. He, however, still retained the desire of being 'fou' for weeks thegither.' *Glasgow Chronicle.*—Another version of this story is the following: That

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

[The following circumstance occasioned the composition of this poem:—'The schoolmaster of Tarbolton parish, to eke up the scanty subsistence allowed to that useful class of men, had set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books, and become most hobby-horsically attached to the study of medicine, he had added the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop-bill printed, at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity, he had advertised, that, 'Advice would be given in common disorders at the shop gratis.'—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*]

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd
Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid,[g] at times, to vend,
And nail 't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true 's the deil's in hell,
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
's a muckle pity.

The clachan yill[h] had made me canty,[i]
I was na fou,[k] but just had plenty;

Tam O'Shanter was no imaginary character. Shanter is a farm near the village of Kirkoswald, where Burns, when nineteen years old, studied mensuration, and 'first became acquainted with scenes of swaggering riot.' The then occupier of Shanter, by name 'Douglas Grahame,' was, by all accounts, equally what the *Tam* of the poet appears—a jolly, careless rustic, who took much more interest in the contraband traffic of the coast, then carried on, than in the rotation of crops. Burns knew the man well; and to his dying day, he, nothing loath, passed among his rural compeers by the name of 'Tam O'Shanter.'—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

This admirable tale was written for Grose's 'Antiquities of Scotland,' where it first appeared, with a beautiful engraving of 'Alloway's auld haunted Kirk.'

g A lie. *h* Village ale. *i* Merry. *k* Drunk.

I stacher'd[l] whyles, but yet took tent[m] ay
To free the ditches,
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists[n] and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r[o]
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin'[p] down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;[q]
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.[r]

I there wi' *something* did forgather[s]
That put me in an eerie swither;[t]
An awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouther,
Clear, dangling hang;
A three-taed leister[u] on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame[w] it had ava![x]
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp, an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks![y]

'Guid-e'en,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin
When ither folk are busy sawin'?[z]

l Staggered. *m* Took heed. *n* From ghosts.
o To shine faintly. *p* Tottering. *q* Steady.
r A short run. *s* Meet. *t* Frightful hesitation.
u A three-pronged dart. *w* Belly. *x* At all.
y A kind of wooden curb for horses.
z This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe[a]—'My name is death,
But be na fley'd.'[b]—Quoth I, 'Guid faith!
'Ye 're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;[c]
I red[d] ye weel, tak care o' scaith,[e]
See there 's a gully!'[f]

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its metal;
But if I did, I wad be kittle[g]
To be mislear'd;[h]
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be 't;
Come, gie 's your hand, an' sae we 're gree't;[i]
We 'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
Come, gie 's your news;
This while[k] ye hae been monie a gate,[l]
At monie a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
'It 's e'en a lang, lang time indeed,
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching[m] bred,

a With a hollow tone of voice. *b* Frightened.
c Heed me, good fellow. *d* To counsel, or advise.
e Injury. *f* A large knife. *g* Ticklish, difficult.
h Mischievous; *i.e.* It would be no easy matter for you to hurt, or do me any mischief. *i* Agreed.
k An epidemical fever was then raging in that part of the country. *l* Many a road. *m* Butchering.

An monie a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scaur[m] me;
Till ane Hornbook 's[n] taen up the trade,
An' faith, he 'll waur[o] me.

'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,[p]
Deil mak his king's-hood[q] in a spleuchan![r]
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan[s]
An' ither chaps,
The weans[t] haud out their fingers laughin',
An' pouk my hips.

'See here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet[u] they 'll kill!

''Twas but yestreen,[w] nae farther gane,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less I 'm sure I 've hundreds slain;
But Deil-ma-care,[x]
It just play'd dirl[y] on the bane,
But did nae mair.

'Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortify'd the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet[z] o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt.[a]

m Stop or scare.
n This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.
o Worst, or defeat. *p* Hamlet, or village.
q A part of the entrails. *r* A tobacco pouch.
s Buchan's Domestic Medicine. *t* Children.
u An oath of negation; i. e. in Dr. Hornbook's opinion he has rendered my weapons harmless—they'll kill nobody.
w Yesternight. *x* No matter!
y A slight tremulous stroke. *z* An oath of negation.
a The stem of Colewort.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near hand cowpit[b] wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as well hae tried a quarry
O' hard whin[c] rock.

'Ev'n them he canna get attended,[d]
Altho' their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just —— in a kail-blade and send it,
As soon 's he smells 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

'And then a' doctor's saws an' whittles,[e]
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He 's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C

'Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina of beans and pease,
He has 't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

'Forbye[f] some new uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons:
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And monie mae.'[g]

b Tumbled.
c The hard stone found in the Scottish hills—granite.
d Those patients who cannot attend upon the doctor, or cannot be seen by him, must send their water in a phial, from the sight of which he pretends to know and cure their various diseases.
e Knives. *f* Besides. *g* More.

'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole[h] now,'
Quo' I, 'if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward,[i] whare gowans[k] grew
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the pleugh;
They 'll ruin Johnny!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,[l]
And says, 'Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh.
Tak ye nae fear:
They 'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh,[m]
In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,[n]
By loss o' blood or want o'breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,[o]
By drap an' pill.

'An honest wabster[p] to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves[q] were scarce weel bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie[r] to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

'A countra laird had taen the batts,[s]
Or some curmurring[t] in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well,
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,[u]
Was laird himsel.

h A name given to the grave-digger.
i An enclosure for calves; the term is here used in allusion to the church-yard. *k* Daisies. *l* Groaned a frightful laugh.
m Ditch, or trench; i. e. will be filled with graves.
n To die in bed, in a natural way. *o* Shroud. *p* A weaver.
q Fists. *r* Slide gently, or dexterously *s* Botts.
t Murmuring, a slight rumbling noise. *u* Ewe lambs.

A bonnie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;[w]
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

'That's just a swatch[x] o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An 's weel paid for 't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt:[y]

'But, hark! I 'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o 't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead 's a herrin';
Niest[z] time we meet, I 'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,[a]
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did Death.[b]

w Swelled her belly. *x* A sample.
y By sending his patients to the church-yard.
z Next. *a* The hour of one.
b So irresistible was the tide of ridicule, on the publication of this poem, that John Wilson, alias Dr. Hornbook, was not only compelled to shut up shop as an apothecary, or druggist rather, but to abandon his school also, as his pupils one by one deserted him.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.—*Gray.*

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[c]
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things,[d] todlin,[e] stacher[f] thro'[g]
To meet their dad wi' flichtering[g] noise and glee.

c The continued rushing noise of a strong wind.
d Little children. *e* Tottering. *f* Stagger.
g Fluttering.

His wee bit ingle[h] blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve[i] the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[k] rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:[l]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos[m] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars[n] auld claes look amaist[o] as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent[p] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk[q] or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang[r] astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

h Small fire-place. *i* By and bye. *k* Carefully.
l To inquire. *m* Strange sights, tales, or stories. *n* Makes.
o Almost. *p* Diligent. *q* Dally, or trifle. *r* Go.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[s] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;[t]
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[u] and laithfu',[w] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn[x]'s respected like [the lave.[y]

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.

Is there in human form that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

s Partly. *t* Into the country parlour. *u* Bashful.
w Sheepish. *x* Child. *y* The rest, the others.

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,[z]
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
The halesome parritch,[a] chief o' Scotia's food:
The soup their only hawkie[b] does afford,
That 'yont[c] the hallan[d] snugly chows her cud:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck[e]
An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good; [fell,[f]
The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld,[g] sin' lint was i' the bell.[h]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle,[i] form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible,[k] ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart[l] haffets[m] wearin' thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[n] a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name:

z Sorrow. *a* Wholesome porridge. *b* Cow.
c Beyond.
d A partition-wall in a cottage, or a seat of turf at the outside.
e Well saved or well-kept cheese.
f Well savoured, of good relish. *g* A twelvemonth old.
h Since flax was in the flower. *i* Fire-place.
k The large hall-Bible. *l* Grey, or of a mixed colour.
m Temples—side of the head. *n* Chooses, selects.

Or noble Elgin[o] beets[p] the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How *He*, who bore in heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'[q]
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days;
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal [sphere.

o Dundee—Martyrs—Elgin—] Names of sacred melodies used in singing psalms. p Adds fuel to, or increases devotion.
q Pope's Windsor Forest.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the *heart!*
The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man 's the noblest work of God:'[1]
And *certes*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human-kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

[1] Pope's Essay on Man.

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

The 'Cotter's Saturday Night is, perhaps, of all Burns's pieces, the one whose exclusion from the collection, were such things possible now-a-days, would be the most injurious, if not to the genius, at least to the character, of the man. Loftier flights ne certainly has made, but in these he remained but a short while on the wing, and effort is too often perceptible; here the motion is easy, gentle, placidly undulating. There is more of the conscious security of power, than in any other of his serious pieces of considerable length; the whole has the appearance of coming in a full stream from the fountain of his heart—a stream that soothes the ear, and has no glare on the surface.'—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, *Notes* are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

HALLOWEEN.[s]

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.—*Goldsmith.*

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans[t] dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There up the Cove,[u] to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks an' streams,
To sport that night.

Amang the bonnie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin',[w] clear,
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
And shook the Carrick[x] spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits,[y] an' *pou*[z] their stocks,
An' haud their *Halloween*
Fu' blythe that night.

s Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

t Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the earls of Cassilis.

u A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies. *w* Meandering.

x The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were earls of Carrick.

y Nuts. *z* Pull, or pluck.

The lasses feat,[a] an' cleanly neat,
  Mair braw than when they 're fine ;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,[b]
  Hearts leal,[c] an' warm, an' kin' :[d]
The lads sae trig,[e], wi' wooer-babs,[f]
  Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate,[g] and some wi' gabs,[h]
  Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
    Whyles fast that night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
  Their *stocks*[i] maun a' be sought ance ;
They steek their een,[k] an' graip, an' wale,[l]
  For muckle anes an' straught anes.[m]
Poor hav'rel[n] Will fell aff the drift,
  An' wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,[o]
An' pou't,[p] for want o' better shift,
  A *runt*[q] was like a sow-tail,
    Sae bow't[r] that night.

Then straught or crooked, yird[s] or nane,
  They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;[t]
The vera wee-things,[u] todlin', rin[w]
  Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;

a Nice, trim. *b* Discover, or shew themselves.
c Loyal, true, faithful. *d* Kind. *e* Spruce, neat.
f The garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
g Very bashful. *h* To talk boldly.
i The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune ; and the taste of the *custock*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.
k Shut their eyes. *l* Grope and choose, or pick.
m For large and straight ones.
n A half-witted talkative person. *o* Cabbages. *p* Pulled.
q Stem of cabbage, or colewort. *r* Crooked.
s With earth, or dirt. *t* Pell-mell, confusedly.
u Young children. *w* Tottering run.

An' gif[x] the *custock's*[y] sweet or sour,
Wi' jocktelegs[z] they taste them ;
Syne coziely,[a] aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they 've placed them
To lie that night.

The lasses staw[b] frae 'mang them a'
To pou their *stalks o' corn* ;[c]
But Rab slips out, an' jinks[d] about,
Behint the muckle thorn :
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
Loud skirl'd[e] a' the lasses ;
But her *tap-pickle*[f] maist was lost,
When kiuttlin'[g] i' the fause-house[h]
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's[i] weel hoordet[k] *nits*[l]
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
Are there that night decided ;
Some kindle, couthie,[m] side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly ;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

x If. *y* The stalk of the kail, or colewort.
z A kind of knife. *a* Snugly. *b* Stole away.
c They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.
d To turn a corner. *e* Shrieked.
f Supposed to have allusion to something of which ladies are said to be very careful. *g* Cuddling.
h When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a *fause-house*.
i Mistress of the house. *k* Hoarded.
l Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.
m Lovingly.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;[n]
  Wha 'twas she wadna[o] tell;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
  She says in to hersel;
He bleez'd owre her an' she owre him,
  As they wad ne'er mair part!
Till fuff![p] he started up the lum,[q]
  An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
    To see 't that night.

Poor Willie wi' his *bow-kail-runt*,[r]
  Was *brunt*[s] wi' primsie[t] Mallie;
An' Mallie, nae doubt took the drunt,[t]
  To be compar'd to Willie;
Mall's nit lap[w] out wi' pridefu' fling,
  An' her ain fit[x] it brunt it;
While Willie lap an' swore by *jing*,
  'Twas just the way he wanted
    To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house[y] in her min'
  She pits[z] hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
  Till white in ase[a] they 're sobbin';
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
  She whisper'd Rob to look for 't;
Rob, stowlins,[b] pried[c] her bonnie mou,[d]
  Fu' cozie[e] in the neuk[f] for 't,
    Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
  Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin'[g] at their cracks,
  And slips out by hersel':

n With watchful eye. *o* Would not.
p With a puff, or bounce. *q* The chimney.
r Cabbage-stalk. *s* Burnt. *t* Demure.
u Pet, crabbed humour. *w* Leaped. *x* Foot.
y False-house; see a foregoing note. *z* Puts. *a* Ashes.
b By stealth. *c* Tasted, or kissed. *d* Mouth, or lips.
e Snugly. *f* Nook. *g* Talking.

She thro' the yard the nearest taks
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit[h] for the bauks,[i]
And in the *blue-clue*[k] throws then,
Right fear't[l] that night.

An' ay she win't,[m] an ay she swat,[n]
I wat she made nae jaukin';[o]
Till something held within the pat,[p]
Guid L—d! but she was quakin'!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel',
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',[q]
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To spier[r] that night.

Wee Jenny to her graunie says,
'Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
I'll *eat the apple*[s] *at the glass*,
I gat frae uncle Johnnie:'
She fuff't[t] her pipe wi' sic a lunt,[u]
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notic'd na[w] an aizle[x] brunt
Her braw new worset[y] apron
Out thro' that night.

'Ye little skelpie limmer's[z] face!
How daur you try sic sportin',

h Groped in the dark. *i* Cross-beams.
k Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue-yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha hauds?* i. e. Who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse. *l* Frighted.
m Wound, did wind. *n* Did sweat. *o* Dallying, trifling.
p Pot. *q* The end of a beam. *r* To inquire.
s Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.
t Puffed out the smoke. *u* A column of smoke.
w Not. *x* A hot cinder. *y* Worsted.
z A technical term in female scolding.

As seek the foul Thief ony place,
For him to spae[a] your fortune?
Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight!*
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' died deleeret[b]
On sic a night.

'Ae hairst afore[c] the Sherra-moor,[d]
I mind 't as weel 's yestreen,[e]
I was a gilpey[f] then, I 'm sure
I was na past fyfteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' ay a rantin' kirn[g] we gat,
An' just on *Halloween*
It fell that night.

'Our stibble-rig[h] was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow;
He 's sin[i] gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla;
He gat *hemp-seed*,[k] I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o 't;
But monie a day was *by himsel*,[l]
He was sae sairly frightet
That very night.'

a To divine, or prophesy. *b* Delirious.
c One harvest before.
d The battle of Sheriff Moor, in the year 1715.
e I remember it as well as if it had been but yesterday.
f A half-grown girl. *g* Harvest-supper.
h The reaper in harvest who takes the lead. *i* Son.
k Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, 'Hempseed, I saw thee; hempseed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'Come after me, and shaw thee:' that is, shew thyself: in which case, it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'Come after me, and harrow thee.'
l Out of his senses.

Then up gat fechtin[m] Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *saw*[n] *hemp-seed* a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught[o] down the pock,[p]
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne[q] bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
An' try 't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin;[r]
The *graip*[s] he for a *harrow* taks,
An' haurls at his curpin:[t]
An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee
As fast this night.'

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd[u] an' eerie;[w]
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane[x] an' gruntle;[y]
He by his shouther gae a keek,[z]
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle[a]
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld cam rinnin' out,
An' hear the sad narration:

m Fighting. *n* Sow. *o* Reached.
p Bag, or sack. *q* Then. *r* Frightened.
s A three-pronged dung-fork. *t* Crupper.
u Scared, frighted. *w* Afraid of spirits. *x* Groan.
y Grunting noise. *z* To peep. *a* A stagger.

He swoor 'twas hilchin[b] Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie[c] Merran Humphie,
'Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but *grumphie*[d]
Asteer[e] that night!

Meg fain wad to the *barn* hae gaen
To *win*[f] *three wechts*[g] *o' naething*;[h]
But for to meet the Deil her lane,[i]
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle[k] nits,[l]
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,[m]
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
And owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne[n] bauldly in she enters;
A *ratton*[o] rattl'd up the wa',
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden-hole[p] an a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't[q] out Will, wi' sair advice:
They hecht[r] him some fine braw ane:[s]

b Halting. *c* Crooked-backed. *d* A sow.
e Abroad. *f* To winnow as corn.
g An instrument for winnowing corn.

h This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible; for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht;* and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life. *i* Herself alone.

k A few. *l* Nuts. *m* Sets off.
n Then. *o* A rat. *p* A dung-hole. *q* Urged.
r Promised to foretell something that is to be got or given.
s A fine handsome sweetheart.

It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom'd*[t] *thrice*,[u]
Was timmer-propt for thrawin' :[w]
He taks a swirlie,[x] auld moss oak,
For some black, grousome carlin ;[y]
An' loot a winze,[z] an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes[a] came haurlin'[b]
Aff's nieves[c] that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen ;[d]
But, och ! that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin' !
She thro' the whins,[e] an' by the cairn,[f]
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin',[g]
Whare *three lairds' lands meet at a burn*,[h]
To dip her left sark[i]-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles[k] owre a linn[l] the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;[m]
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
Whyles in a wiel[n] it dimpl't ;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;

t Fathomed.
u Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *bean-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.
w Twisting, or inclining to fall, therefore propt with timber.
x Knotty. *y* Grim-looking, ugly old woman.
z Swore an oath. *a* Shreds. *b* Peeling.
c Off his knuckles. *d* Frisky as a kitten.
e Furze, or gorse. *f* A heap of stones. *g* Swiftly.
h You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where three lairds' lands meet, and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it. *i* Shirt, or shift.
k Sometimes. *l* A waterfall. *m* Waved.
n Whirlpool.

Whyles cookit[o] underneath the braes,[p]
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens,[q] on the brae
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler quey,[r]
Gat up an' gae a croon :[s]
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;[t]
Near lav'rock[u] height she jumpit,
But mist a fit,[w] an' in the *pool*
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,[x]
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The *luggies* three[y] are rang'd,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed :
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' *Mar's-year*[z] did desire,
Because he gat the toomdish[a] thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,[b]
I wat they did na weary ;
An' unco[c] tales, an' funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery.

o Appeared and disappeared by fits.
p Declivity or precipice. *q* Fern.
r A young cow running at large, not housed.
s To roar, or bellow. *t* Leaped out of her skin.
u Lark. *w* Missed a foot. *x* Over head and ears.
y Take three dishes: put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged : he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid : if in the foul a widow : if in the empty dish, it foretells with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.
z The year 1715. *a* Empty dish. *b* To converse.
c Strange, marvellous.

'Till *butter'd so'ns*[d] wi' fragrant lunt,[e]
Set a' their gabs[f] a-steerin';[g]
Syne[h] wi' a social glass o' stount,[i]
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That 's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That 's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forget his *loves* or *debts*,
An' minds his griefs no more.
Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

Let other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scots bear* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld *Scotch drink*,
Whether thro' wimplin' worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn;
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease an' Beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

d Sowens—oatmeal made into a kind of pudding. This is always the *Hallowe'en supper*. *e* Smoke of tobacco.
f Mouths. *g* Stirring. *h* Then. *i* Spirituous liquor.

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones,[k] the wale[l] o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame,[m] an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin';[n]
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down hill, scrievin',[o]
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited[p] Lear;[q]
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At 's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft clad in massy siller weed,[r]
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,[s]
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens[t] fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But[u] thee, what were our fairs and rants?

k Flexible bread; i. e. Bannocks made of barley meal, &c. which when baked are so flexible as to admit of being easily rolled together. *l* The choice.
m The belly. *n* Grieving. *o* Swiftly.
p Stupified, fatigued with study. *q* Learning, knowledge.
r Silver dress; alluding to the silver cups and tankards used at the tables of the gentry.
s Ale is here intended, a small portion of which is frequently mixed with the porridge of the poorer sort of people.
t Gives a relish to. *u* Without.

Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams[w] the horn in!
Or reeking on a New-year mornin'
In cog or bicker,[x]
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,[y]
An' gusty[z] sucker![a]

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith[b],
O rare! to see thee fizz[c] an' freath[d]
I' th' lugget caup![e]
Then Burnewin[f] comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.[g]

Nae mercy then for airn[h] or steel;
The brawnie, bainie,[i] ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong fore-hammer,[k]
Till block an' studie[l] ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies[m] see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter[n] bright,
How fumblin' cuifs[o] their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name;
Nae howdie[p] gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud[q] as wud can be,

w Foams. *x* A wooden cup or dish.
y A small quantity of spirits burnt in a spoon, and put into the ale. *z* Tasteful. *a* Sugar.
b Tackle, geer. *c* To make a hissing noise. *d* Froth.
e A cup with a handle. *f* Burn-the-wind—the blacksmith.
g Stroke. *h* Iron. *i* Bony. *k* The smith's large hammer.
l Anvil. *m* Crying children. *n* Tell idle stories.
o Ninnies. *p* A midwife. *q* Mad.

How easy can the *barley bree*[r]
Cement the quarrel!
It 's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte[s] her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason[t]
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season
E'er spier[u] her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash![w]
Twins[x] monie a poor, doylt[y], drunken hash,[z]
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless[a] devils like mysel!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter dearthfu' wines to mell,[b]
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle[c] wi' a glunch[d]
O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky!* soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!

r Juice. *s* To blame. *t* Weasand. *u* To ask.
w Sudden illness. *x* Parts, deprives. *y* Stupified.
z A fellow who knows neither how to act, nor to dress with propriety. *a* Pennyless. *b* To meddle.
c The phiz. *d* A frown.

When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes!—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s!

Thee, *Ferintosh*[e] O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,[f]
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast[g]
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' excise,
Wha mak the *whisky stells* their prize!
Haud up thy hand, Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers![h]
An' bake them up in brunstane[i] pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks,[k] a scone,[l] an' *whisky gill*,
An' rowth[m] o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal 't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER[n]

To the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons.

Dearest of distillation! last and best——
——How art thou lost!——
Parody on Milton.

Ye Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,

e A very superior kind of whisky made in a district of the Highlands called by that name. *f* Coughing.
g Lord Forbes of Ferintosh, in the county of Cromarty, formerly held by charter a right for all his tenantry to distil whisky without paying any duty to the king.
h A term of contempt. *i* Brimstone. *k* Whole breeches.
l A loaf; kind of bread. *m* Plenty.
n This was written before the act anent the Scotch distilleries, of Session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet[o] Muse is hearse![p]
Your Honours' heart wi' grief twad pierce,
To see her sitting on her a—e
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavitæ;*
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier youth,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle[q] Devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does onie great man glunch[r] an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb![s]
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom[t]
Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug,[u] an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

o Hoarse, as with a cold. *p* Hoarse. *q* Great. *r* Frown.
s Don't be afraid—never trouble your head about it.
t Swim. *u* Ear.

Paint Scotland greetin'[w] owre her thrissle,[x]
Her mutchkin stoup[y] as toom 's a whissle ;[z]
An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin' a *stell*,[a]
Triumphant crushin' 't like a mussel
Or lampit[b] shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow a chuffie[c] Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch[d] as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,[e]
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire an' out o' sight !
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
Or gab[f] like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks[g] I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your honours, can ye see 't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin[h] greet,[i]
An' no[k] get warmly to your feet,
An' gar[l] them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna[m] bear it !

w Weeping. *x* Thistle—the national emblem.
y Pint mug. *z* Empty. *a* A still, used for making whisky.
b Lympet, a shell-fish. *c* Fat-faced. *d* Pocket.
e Knocked to pieces. *f* To speak boldly. *g* Shirt-collars.
h Old lady. *i* Weep. *k* Not. *l* Make. *m* Will not.

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period, an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster,[n] a true-blue Scot I'se warran;
Thee, aith[o]-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;[p]
An' that glib-gabbet[q] Highland baron,
The laird o' Graham;[r]
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,[s]
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick, an' Ilay;
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Thee, sodger Hugh,[t] my watchman stented,
If bardies e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye 'd lend your hand,
But when there 's ought to say anent it,
Ye 're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*;[u]
Or, faith! I'll wad[w] my new pleugh-pettle,[x]
Ye'll see't or lang,[y]
She'll teach you wi' a reekin' whittle,[z]
Anither sang.

n George Dempster, Esq., of Dunnichen, Forfarshire. He was many years M. P. for the Dundee district of boroughs, and always spoke and voted on the liberal side of politics.
o An oath. *p* Sir Adam Ferguson.
q That speaks smoothly and readily. *r* The Duke of Montrose
s Sagacious, cunning.
t Earl of Eglintoun, then Colonel Montgomery, and representative for Ayrshire. *u* Her still. *w* To bet or wager
x Plough-staff. *y* Ere long. *z* A bloody sword.

This while she 's been in crankous[a] mood,
Her *lost Militia*[b] fir'd her bluid ;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie![c])
An' now she 's like to rin red-wud,[d]
About her whisky.

An' L—d ! if ance they pit her till 't,[e]
Her tartan petticoat she 'll kilt,[f]
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She 'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' the first she meets.

For G-d's sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie[g] wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle House[h] repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' lear,[i]
To get remead.[k]

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
But gie him 't het,[l] my hearty cocks !
E'en cowe the caddie ;[m]
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sporting lady.

Tell yon guid bluid[n] o' auld Boconnock's,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,[o]
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's,[p]

a Fretful.
o Burlesque allusion to the bill for a Scotch militia, which was, shortly before that time, negatived in Parliament.
c A trick. *d* Run stark mad. *e* Put her to it.
f To truss up the clothes. *g* Stroke her gently.
h The parliament house. *i* Learning. *k* Remedy.
l Hot. *m* Frighten the fellow, make him knock under.
n Good blood.
o Two bonnocks or cakes made of mixed corn.
p A worthy old hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink.

Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,[q]
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie[r] queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle[s] tongue;
She 's just a devil wi' a rung;[t]
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Though by the neck she should be strung,
She 'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,[u]
May still your mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a minister grow dorty,[w]
An' kick your place,
Ye 'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days
Wi' sowps o' kail[x] an' brats o' claise,[y]
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes[z]
That haunt Saint Jamie's!
Your humble Poet sings an' prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves, in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise—

q Tea and windows; an allusion to Mr. Pitt's commutation tax.
r Confusedly mixed. *s* Rash, fearless. *t* A cudgel.
u The Scotch members of parliament. *w* Saucy.
x Sups of kail-broth. *y* Rags of clothes. *z* Jack-daws.

Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys
Tak aff their whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves:

Their gun 's a burden on their shouther;
They downa[a] bide the stink o' pouther;
Their bauldest thought 's a hank'ring swither[b]
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot!—they're aff a' throwther,[c]
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,[d]
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there 's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him:
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es[e] him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,[f]
An' raise a philosophic reek,[g]

a Cannot. *b* Hesitation.
c All pell-mell, or in confusion. *d* A gill of Highland whisky.
e Leaves. *f* Shut. *g* Smoke.

An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season;
But tell me *whisky*'s name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld respected Mither!
Tho' whyles[h] ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps[i] o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;[k]
(*Freedom* and *Whisky* gang thegither!)
Tak aff your dram![l]

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.[m]

The sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers[n] quat[o] their roaring play,
An' hunger'd maukin[p] ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk[q] step betray
Whar she has been.

The thresher's weary *flingin-tree*[r]
The lee-lang[s] day had tired me;
And whan the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the *spence*[t] right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,[u]
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,[w]

h Sometimes. *i* Crops. *k* Lose your urine.
l Burns was not so much the votary of Bacchus as this and 'Scotch Drink,' the preceding poem, would lead the reader to suppose. When 'Auld Nanse Tinnock,' the Mauchline landlady, found her name celebrated in this poem, she said, 'Robin Burns may be a clever enough lad, but he has little regard to truth; for I'm sure the chiel' was never in a' his life aboon three times i' my house.'
m Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his Cath-Loda. *n* A game on the ice.
o Did quit. *p* A hare. *q* Each. *r* A flail.
s Live-long. *t* In the country parlour. *u* Fire-side.
w Smoke.

That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,[x]
The auld clay biggin ;[y]
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

All in this mottie,[z] misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin' blethers[a] up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,[b]
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit,[c]
My cash-account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,[d]
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof ![e]
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,[f]
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,[g]
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme proof*
Till my last breath—

When click ! the string the snick[h] did draw ;
And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
An' by my ingle lowe[i] I saw,
Now bleezing[k] bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*,[l] braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;[m]
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;

x Cough-provoking smoke. *y* Building.
z Full of motes. *a* Foolish or romantic ideas.
b Hearkened. *c* Wrote. *d* Badly provided with shirts.
e Ninny. *f* Thick or clumsy hand. *g* Oath.
h The latch of a door. *i* Flame of the fire. *k* Blazing.
l A young girl. *m* Was silent

I glow'r'd as eerie 's I'd been dush't[n]
In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.[o]

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token ;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A 'hair-brain'd sentimental trace,'
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildy-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,[p]
Till half a leg was scrimply[q] seen ;
And such a leg ! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer[r] it ;
Sae straught,[s] sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well known* land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost ;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;

n Stared frightfully, as if I had been suddenly pushed, or attacked by an ox. *o* Into the parlour.
p A bright, or shining tartan, or chequered woollen stuff, much worn in Scotland, particularly in the Highlands.
q Scantily. *r* Equal. *s* Straight.

There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds ;[t]
Auld hermit Ayr staw[u] thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *borough* rear'd her head ;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race[w] heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows ;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His *Country's Saviour*,[x] mark him well ;
Bold Richardton's,[y] heroic swell ;
The chief on Sark[z] who glorious fell,
In high command ;

t To make a loud continued noise.
u Stole. *w* The Wallaces. *x* William Wallace.
y Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.
z Wallace, laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

And He whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a scepter'd Pictish shade[a]
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

Thro many a wild, romantic grove,[b]
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love),
In musing mood,
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe[c]
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw;
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward[d] I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on
Where many a Patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair*,
A whispering throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet,

a Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shewn.

b Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.

c Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

d Colonel Fullarton.

When, with an elder sister's air,
She did me greet:—

All hail! my own inspired Bard!
In me thy native Muse regard:
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

Know the great *Genius* of this land,
Has many a light aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

They Scotia's race among them share;
Some fire the Soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or 'mid the venal Senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;

Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His *Minstrel* lays;
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The *Sceptic's*[e] bays.

To lower orders are assign'd,
The humbler ranks of human kind,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan;
All choose, as various they 're inclin'd
The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage skill;
And some instruct the shepherd train
Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the lover's harmless wile:
Some grace the maiden's artless smile,
Some sooth the lab'rer's weary toil
For humble gains,
And makes his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace,
Of *rustic Bard;*
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

Of these am I—Coila[f] my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

e David Hume.

f Coila, from Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
Struck thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shiv'rng shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored *name*,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To sooth thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's madd'ning play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,

By passion driven;
But yet the *light* that led astray
Was *light* from Heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends:
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's[g] mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A *rustic Bard*.

To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve *the Dignity of Man*,
With soul erect;
And trust the *Universal Plan*
Will all protect.

g In South America, famed for its gold mines.

And wear thou this!—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish'd leaves and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason,
But surely *Dreams* were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following address.]

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *birth-day* ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My Bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae[h] birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye 're complimented thrang
By monie a lord and lady;
God save the king! 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco[k] easy said ay;
The *Poets* too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar ye trow[l] ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna[m] flatter,

h Among those. *i* By a crowd. *k* Very. *l* Believe. *m* Will not.

For, neither pension, post, nor place,
  Am I your humble debtor;
So, nae reflection on *your grace*,
  Your kingship to bespatter;
There 's monie waur[n] been o' the race,
  And aiblins ane[o] been better
    Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign King,
  My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,[p]
  An' downa[q] be disputed:
Your royal nest,[r] beneath your wing,
  Is e'en right reft an' clouted,[s]
And now the third part of the string,
  And less, will gang about it
    Than did ae day.[t]

Far be 't frae me that I aspire
  To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
  To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle[u] doubt, my Sire,
  Ye 've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha in a barn or byre[w]
  Wad better fill'd their station
    Than courts yon day.

And now ye ve gien auld Britain peace
  Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
  Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life 's a *lease*,
  Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
  I shortly boost[x] to pasture
    I' the craft[y] some day.

n Worse. *o* Perhaps one. *p* Will not give way. *q* Cannot.
r Your dominions. *s* Torn and patched.
t Written in allusion to the recent loss of America. *u* Much.
w A cow stable. *x* Must needs. *y* Croft, grass field.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,[t]
An' gie you lads a plenty:
But sneer na British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant[u] ay;
An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

God bless you a', consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet:[w]
But, ere the course o' life be thro,
It may be bitter sautet:[x]
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,[y]
That yet hae tarrow'd[z] at it:
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen[a] they hae clautet[b]
Fu' clean that day.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.—*Milton.*

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges[c] about the brunstane cootie,[d]
To scaud[e] poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,[f]
And let poor damned bodies be;

t Fine, handsome. *u* Very few. *w* Very much caressed
x Salted, pickled. *y* Cup or dish full. *z* Murmured.
a The angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
b Scraped. *c* To dash, or throw about.
d Brimstone dish, or ladle. *e* Scald. *f* Little.

I'm sure sma'[g] pleasure it can gie,[n]
E'en to a Deil,
To skelp[i] an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kenn'd[k] and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin' heugh[l] 's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate,[m] nor scaur.[n]

Whyles[o] ranging like a roaring lion
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirling[p] the kirks:
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I 've heard my reverend *graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.[q]

When twilight did my *graunie* summon,
To say her prayers, douce,[r] honest woman!
Aft yont[s] the dyke she 's heard you bummin',
Wi' eerie[t] drone;
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortries[u] comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae[w] dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin'[x] light;

g Small. *h* Give. *i* Strike, or beat. *k* Known.
l Flaming pit. *m* Bashful. *n* Apt to be scared.
o Sometimes. *p* Uncovering. *q* Frightful hollow moan.
r Wise, good. *s* Beyond. *t* Frighted, or frightful.
u Elder-trees. *w* One. *x* Glimmering.

Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ;[y]
Ye, like a rash-bush,[z] stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.[a]

The cudgel in my nieve[b] did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour,[c] quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa' ye squatter'd[d] like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks*[e] grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed[f] nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
Owre howkit[g] dead.

Thence countra wives wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn[h] in vain ;
For, oh ! the yellow treasure 's ta'en
By witching skill :
An' dawtit,[i] twal-pint[k] Hawkie's[l] gaen[m]
As yell's[n] the Bill.[o]

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young guidmen,[p] fond, keen, an' crouse ;[q]

y A pool, or sheet of water. *z* A bush, or large tuft of rushes.
a Rushing noise of wind or water.
b Hand, or fist. *c* The raising a cloud of dust.
d Fluttered in water. *e* Wizards. *f* Ragwort.
g Digged up, or disinterred. Those who are, or were, believers in the old traditions relative to witchcraft, supposed that the incantations of these demoniacs were frequently performed over dead bodies, which they dug, scratched, or conjured out of their graves in order to perform their devilish orgies more effectually.
h Churn. *i* Fondled, caressed. *k* Twelve-pint.
l Cow. *m* Gone. *n* Barren.
o Bull.—The literal English meaning of these last two lines is, that a favourite cow, that gave daily twelve Scotch pints of milk (equal to forty-eight English pints), is become as barren as a bull, in consequence of witchcraft.
p Men newly married. *q* Courageous.

When the best wark-lume[r] i' the house,
By cantrip[s] wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes[t] dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jingling icy-boord,
Then *Water kelpies*[u] haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' 'nighted trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*,[w]
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is,
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons*' mystic *word* an' *grip*
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to h-ll!

Lang syne in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' a' the soul of love they shar'd
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

r A working tool.—Fully to appreciate the meaning of the stanza beginning 'Thence mystic knots,' it is necessary for the English reader to know, that a tradition was entertained in Scotland of the power of witchcraft to prevent consummation on the bridal night, by rendering the 'young guid man. powerless 'just at the bit,' or moment when, &c.

s A charm or spell. *t* Thaws.

u A mischievous kind of spirits, said to haunt fords, or ferries, particularly in stormy nights.

w Will-o'-the-wisp, or Jack-a-lantern.

Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
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s A charm or spell. *t* Thaws.

u A mischievous kind of spirits, said to haunt fords, or ferries, particularly in stormy nights.

w Will-o'-the-wisp, or Jack-a-lantern.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing[x] dog!
Ye came to Paradise *incog*.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,[y]
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D 'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,[z]
Wi' reekit duds,[a] an' reestit gizz,[b]
Ye did present your smoutie[c] phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented[d] on the *man of Uz*
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd[e] his ill-tongu'd wicked scawl,[f]
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechting[g] fierce,
Sin' that day Michael[h] did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding[i] a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye 're thinkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin',[k]
To your black pit;
But, faith! he 'll turn a corner jinkin',[l]
An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!

x Trick-contriving. *y* A violent shock. *z* Bustle.
a Smoky clothes. *b* Withered, or scorched wig.
c Ugly, or smutty. *d* Hit aslant, or obliquely.
e Loosed. *f* A scold. *g* Fighting. *h* Vide Milton, book vi
i Puzzle. *k* Tripping. *l* Dodging.

Ye aiblins[m] might—I dinna ken[n]
Still hae a *stake*—
I 'm wae to think upon yon den,
Ev'n for your sake![o]

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,

m Perhaps. *n* Do not know.

o Written in the winter of 1784-5. 'The idea of an Address to the Deil was suggested to the poet, by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have, from various quarters, of this august personage.'—*Gilbert Burns.*

Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
  Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet[o] strikes th' adoring eye,
  Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine,
I see the Sire of love on high,
  And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,
  Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
  And mark'd with many a seamy scar;
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
  Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
  And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
  I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
  Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas! how chang'd the times to come;
  Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
  Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
  Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps,
  Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
  Haply my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
  Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
  All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
  Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!

o Miss Burnet of Monboddo.

From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
  As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
  I shelter in thy honour'd shade.[p]

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

On crowning his Bust, at Ednam, Roxburghshire, with Bays.

[Written by desire of the poet's friend, the Earl of Buchan.]

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
  Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
  Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
  Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
  The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
  By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
  Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
  The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
  Or sweeping wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
  Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
  Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

THE POET'S WELCOME

[q] To his illegitimate child.

Thou 's welcome, wean, mishanter fa' me,
  If ought of thee or of thy mammy,

[p] This poem is chiefly remarkable for the grand stanzas on the castle and Holyrood with which it concludes.—*Lockhart.*

[q] This 'Address' is omitted by Dr. Currie, and as its contents are rather of too indelicate a complexion to need elucidation, the commentator has withheld his pen.

Shall ever danton me or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
I, fatherly, will kiss an' daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee,
Wi' as gude will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That 's out o' h-ll.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintry-clatter:
The mair they tauk I 'm kent the better,
E'en let them clash;
An auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
My funny toil is now a' tint,
Sin' thou came to the warl' asklent,
Which fools may scoff at;
In my last plack thy part 's be in 't—
The better half o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
A lovin' father I 'll be to thee,
If thou be spar'd;
Thro' a' thy childish years I 'll e'e thee,
An' think 't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failin's!
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see 't
Than stocket mailins.

TO A HAGGIS.[r]

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie[s] face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon[t] them a' ye tak your place,
Painch,[u] tripe, or thairm:[w]
Weel are ye wordy[x] of a *grace*
As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,[y]
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reeking rich!

Then horn for horn[z] they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes[a] belyve[b]
Are bent like drums,
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,[c]
Bethankit[d] hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw[e] a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,[f]
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

r A kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow, or sheep.
s Engaging, pleasing. *t* Above. *u* Paunch.
w A small gut. *x* Worthy. *y* Wipe clean.
z A spoon made of horn. *a* Bellies. *b* By and by.
c To split. *d* Grace after meat. *e* Surfeit.
f Loathing.

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless[g] as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve[h] a nit;[i]
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie[k] nieve a blade,
He 'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,[l]
Like taps o' thrissle.[m]

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking[n] ware
That jaups[o] in luggies[p];
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis!*

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs[q] gies monie a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines.

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan!

g Puny, weak. *h* The fist.
i Nut. *k* Large, ample. *l* To lop off.
m Tops of thistles. *n* Small portions.
o A jerk of waters, or a thin potion that will jerk or quash like water.
p A small wooden dish with a handle. *q* Ears.

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,[r]
As round the fire the giglets[s] keckle[t]
To see me loup;[u]
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle[w]
Were in their doup.[x]

O' a' the num'rous human dools,[y]
Ill har'sts,[z] daft bargains,[a] *cutty-stools*,[b]
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,[c]
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash[d] o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.[e]

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,[f]
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell
Aboon[g] them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel',
That gars[h] the notes of *discord* squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick,—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's[i] Tooth-ache!

TO A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF DISTRESS.

Sweet flow'ret, pledge o' meikle[k] love,
And ward o' monie a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

r The greater. *s* Fools. *t* Laugh. *u* Leap, jump.
w A board in which are driven a number of sharp iron pins, used for dressing hemp, flax, &c. *x* Backside.
y Sorrows. *z* Bad harvests. *a* Foolish bargains.
b Stool of repentance. *c* Laid in the grave.
d Trouble. *e* The victory. *f* Row. *g* Above.
h Makes. *i* A twelvemonth. *k* Much.

November hirples[l] o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He, who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,[m]
Protect and guard the mother-plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn;
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd[n] by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough, in April, 1786.

Wee,[o] modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou 'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure[p]
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it 's no[q] thy neebor sweet!
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet![r]
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

l Creeps, or limps. *m* Acute pains. *n* Unhurt.
o Small. *p* Dust. *q* Not. *r* Wet, wetness.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth
Yet cheerfully thou glinted[s] forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield[t]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie[u] *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* up-tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd:
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driven,
To mis'ry's brink,

s Peeped. t Shelter. u Dry, chapt, barren.

Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom![t]

TO A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November, 1785.

Wee, sleekit,[u] cow'rin',[w] tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bick'rin' brattle![x]
I wad be laith[y] to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle*.[z]

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow mortal*.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *daimen icker*[a] in a *thrave*,[b]
'S a sma' request:

t When Burns first arrived in Edinburgh, the 'Lounger,' a weekly paper, edited by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of the 'Man of Feeling,' was in course of publication. In that periodical a whole number (the 'Lounger for Saturday, December 9, 1786,') was devoted to 'An account of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman,' in which were given the address 'To a Mountain Daisy,' and an extract from the 'Vision,' as specimens of his poetry.

u Sleek. *w* Cowering. *x* A short race. *y* Loth.
z Plough-staff. *a* An ear of corn now and then.
b A shock of corn.

I 'll get a blessing wi' the lave,[c]
And never miss 't.

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the wins[d] are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big[e] a new ane,
O' foggage[f] green!
An' bleak December's wins ensuin',
Baith snell[g] and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie[h] here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But[i] house or hald,[k]
To thole[l] the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch[m] cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,[n]
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' *mice* an' *men*,
Gang aft a-gley,[o]
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me!*
The *present* only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear*.[p]

c The rest. *d* Winds. *e* To build.
f Aftergrass. *g* Bitter, biting. *h* Snugly.
i Without. *k* Hold, home. *l* To endure.
m The hoar frost. *n* Not alone. *o* Off the right line.
p 'The verses to the Mouse, and Mountain Daisy, were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the Author was holding the plough.'—*Gilbert Burns.*

LINES

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT,

A wild Scene among the Hills of Ouchtertyre.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties,—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or beneath the shelt'ring rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.
  Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace:
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
  The eagle from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels:
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
  In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.
  Or, if Man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,

On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

SONNET

Written January 25, 1793, the Birth-day of the Author,
On hearing a Thrush in a Morning Walk.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow:

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this op'ning day! [skies!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care;
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with
thee I 'll share.

VERSES

On seeing a wounded Hare limp by me, which a fellow had just shot at.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never Pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever Pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wand'rer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thick'ning brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest—
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The shelt'ring rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I 'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

THE AULD FARMER'S

New-Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to Hansel in the New Year.

A GUID new year, I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae there 's a ripp[q] to thy auld baggie;[r]
Tho' thou 's howe-backit,[s] now, an' knaggie,[t]
I 've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie[u]
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou 's dowie,[w] stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide 's as white 's a daisy,
I 've seen thee dappl'd, sleek, and glaizie,[x]
A bonnie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to *raise*[y] thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly*, buirdly,[z] steeve,[a] an' swank,[b]
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;[c]
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,[d]
Like onie bird.

q A handful of unthreshed corn. *r* Belly.
s Sunk in the back. *t* Like knaggs, or points of rocks.
u Diminutive of stag. *w* Worn with fatigue.
x Smooth like glass. *y* To inflame, or madden.
z Stout made. *a* Firm, compacted. *b* Stately.
c Earth. *d* A pool of standing water.

It s now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's *meere ;*
He gied me thee, o' tocher[e] clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel won gear,
An' thou was stark.[f]

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie :[g]
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;[h]
But hamely, tawie,[i] quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.[k]

That day ye danc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie *bride ;*
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !
Kyle Stewart[l] I could bragged[m] wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow[n] but hoyte[o] and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-cobble,[p]
That day ye was a jinker[q] noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,[r]
Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,[s]
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,[t]
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,[u]
An' tak the road !
Town's bodies[w] ran and stood abeigh,[x]
And ca't thee mad.

e A marriage portion. *f* Stout. *g* Mother, dam.
h Unlucky. *i* Peaceable to be handled. *k* Good-looking.
l A district in Aberdeenshire. *m* Challenged. *n* Can.
o Amble crazily. *p* Salmon fishing-boat.
q That turns quickly. *r* To reel. *s* Proud, high-mettled.
t Tedious, long about it. *u* To scream.
w Town people. *x* At a shy distance.

When thou was corn't,[y] an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow :
At Brooses[z] thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed ;
But ev'ry tail thou paid them hollow,
Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't,[a] hunter-cattle,
Might aiblins[b] waur't[c] thee for a brattle ;[d]
But sax Scotch miles, thou try't their mettle
An' gar't them whaizle :[e]
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle[f]
O' saugh[g] or hazle.

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*,[h]
As e'er in tug or tow[i] was drawn !
Aft thee an' I, in aught[k] hours gaun,[l]
On guid March weather,
Hae turn'd sax[m] rood beside our han'
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't,[n] an' fecht,[o] an' fliskit,[p]
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,[q]
Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till spritty knowes[r] wad rair't and risket,[s]
And slypet[t] owre.

When frosts lay lang an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog[u] a wee bit heap

y Well fed with oats.
z A race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
a That droops at the crupper. *b* Perhaps. *c* Worsted.
d A short race. *e* Made them wheeze. *f* A twig.
g Willow.
h The near-horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
i Rope. *k* Eight. *l* Going. *m* Six.
n Reeled forward. *o* Fought. *p* Fretted. *q* The breast.
r Small hills full of tough rooted plants or weeds.
s Make a noise like the tearing of roots. *t* Fell.
u Wooden Dish.

Aboon the timmer ;[w]
I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.[x]

In cart or car thou never reestit ;[y]
The steyest brae[z] thou wad hae fac'd it :
Thou never lap,[a] and stent,[b] and breastit,[c]
Then stood to blaw ;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,[d]
Thou snoov't[e] awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' ;[f]
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw :
Forbye sax mae I 've sell't awa',[g]
That thou hast nurst :
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa'[h]
The vera warst.

Monie a sair darg[i] we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought !
An' monie an anxious day I thought
We wad be beat !
Yet here to crazy age we 're brought
Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou 's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin'
For my last *fou*,[k]
A heapet[l] *stimpart*,[m] I 'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We 've worn to crazy years thegither ;
We 'll toyte[n] about wi' ane anither ;

w Above the brim. *x* Summer.
y Stood restive. *z* Steepest hill.
a Leaped. *b* Reared. Sprung up, or forward.
d Hastened. *e* Went smoothly.
f All the team belonging to my plough are of thy brood.
g Besides six more which I have sold.
h One pound five shillings sterling—a 'pund' Scotch is one shilling and eight-pence English ; i. e. Fifteen pounds.
i Day's labour. *k* My last drinking bout.
l Heaped. *m* The eighth part of a bushel. *n* Totter.

Wi' tentie[o] care I 'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd[p] rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax[q] your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE

The Author's only Pet Yowe.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot[r] she coost[s] a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd[t] in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc[u] he came doytin'[w] by.
Wi' glowrin' een,[x] an lifted han's
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak!
At length poor Mailie silence brak:
'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my wofu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
And bear them to my Master dear.
'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O' bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo'!
'Tell him he was a Master kin',

o Cautious. *p* Spared. *q* Stretch. *r* Hoof. *s* Did cast.
t Wrestled, or fell struggling. *u* A neebor herd callan.
w Stupidly. *x* Staring eyes.

An' ay was guid to me and mine ;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him
' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods,[y] an' butchers' knives !
But gie them good cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel' :
An' tent them duly, e'en and morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.
' An' may they never learn the gaets[z]
Of ither vile wanrestfu'[a] *pets ;*
To slink thro' slaps,[b] an' reave,[c] an' steal,
At stacks o' pease or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,[d]
For monie a year come thro' the shears :
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet [e] for them when they're dead.
' My poor *toop-lamb*,[f] my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An', if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins[g] in his breast !
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes[h] at hame ;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots[i]
Like ither menseless[k], graceless brutes.
' An' niest[l] my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude[m] keep thee frae a tether string !
O, may thou ne'er forgather[n] up
Wi' onie blastit,[o] moorland toop ;[p]
But ay keep mind to moop[q] an' mell[r]
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel !
' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith ;

y Foxes. *z* Manners.
a Restless. *b* Gates. *c* Rove. *d* Forefathers.
e Weep. *f* Ram-lamb. *g* Good-manners. *h* Ewes.
i Hoofs. *k* Ill-bred. *l* Next. *m* God.
n To meet. *o* Blasted. *p* Ram. *q* To nibble as a sheep.
r Meddle.

An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.
'Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my Master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains, thou's get my blether.'[s]
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een[t] amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut[u] tears trickling down your nose;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;[w]
The last sad cap-stane[x] of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie,[y] wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave herself wi' mense:[z]
I'll say't, she never brak a fence
Thro' thievish greed;[a]
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence[b]
Sin' Mailie's dead.

s Bladder. *t* Eyes. *u* Salt. *w* Remedy.
x Cope-stone, or top-stone. *y* Worn with grief.
z Decency. *a* Greediness. *b* The country parlour.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,[c]
Her living image in her *yowe*
Comes bleating to him, o'er the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe[d]
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,[e]
Wi' tauted ket[f] an' hairy hips;
For her forbears[g] were brought in ships
Frae 'yont the Tweed;
A bonnier *fleesh*[h] ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile wanchancie[i] thing—*a rape!*[k]
It maks guid fellows girn[l] an' gape,
Wi' chokin' dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonnie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon[m]
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead!

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER,*

To the noble Duke of Athole.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble slave complain,

c A hollow, or dell. d Roll. e Ram. f Matted fleece.
g Progenitors. h Fleece. i Unlucky. k Rope
l To twist the features in agony. m A hollow moan.
* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but the effect is much impaired by the want of the trees and shrubs.

How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowrin'[n] trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whit'ning stanes amang,
In grasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat[o] wi' spite and teen,[p]
As Poet *Burns* came by,
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd[q] me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn;[r]
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say 't mysel,
Worth gaun[s] a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He 'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes;

n Staring. *o* Wept. *p* Grief, sorrow. *q* Offered.
r A precipice, or waterfall. *s* Going.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen monie a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober lav'rock[t] warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink,[u] music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite[w] clear,
The mavis[x] mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin[y] sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth,
As empty, idle care.
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms,
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks[z] extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing Bard may stray,
And eye the smoking dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey;

t Lark. *u* Goldfinch. *w* Linnet.
x Thrush. *y* The hare. *z* Birch-trees.

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequ'ring thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs and ashes cool
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed:
Let fragrant birks,[a] in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—'Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!'

THE BRIGS* OF AYR.

Inscribed to J. Ballantyne, Esq. Ayr.

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, [bush;
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field;
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?

a Birch-trees. * Bridges.

Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard—
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward!
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd, in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne[b] befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

. . . . . .

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,[c]
And thack and rape[d] secure the toil-worn crap;
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith[e]
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds, an' flowers' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils—smoor'd[f] wi' brimstone reek;[g]
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spread the noon-tide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

b John Ballantyne, Esq. Banker, Ayr, one of our Poet's earliest patrons. *c* Covering. *d* Clothing, &c.
e Damage. *f* Smothered. *g* Smoke.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward;
Ae night within the ancient burgh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply press'd wi' care;
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by Simpson's[h] wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where nor why:)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock had numbered two,
And Wallace Tow'r[i] had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—
When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh[k] of whistling wings he heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the Gos[l] drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his hairy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers;*
Our warlock[m] Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
(That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd[n] lang,
Yet teughly doure,[o] he bade[p] an unco bang.[q]

h A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.
i Dungeon-clock and Wallace Tower, the two steeples.
k The continued rushing noise of wind.
l The gos-hawk, or falcon. *m* Wizard. *n* Wrestled.
o Toughly durable. *p* Did bide, sustain, or endure.
q Sustained the repeated shocks of the floods and currents.

New Brig was buskit[r] in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls[s] and whirlygigums[t] at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless[u] sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-e'en:[w]—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye'll think ye 're nae sheep-shank,[x]
Ance ye were streekit[y] o'er frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith that day, I doubt, ye 'll never see;
There 'll be, if that date come, I 'll wad a bodle,[z]
Some fewer whigmeleeries[a] in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,[b]
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet;
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?
There 's men o' taste would take the Duckat stream,[c]
Tho' they should cast the very sark[d] and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

r Dressed. *s* A ring which surrounds a column, &c.
t Useless ornaments.
u Cold, dry—spoken of a person's demeanour.
w Salutation, or good evening. *x* No mean personage.
y Stretched. *z* Bet a bodle; i. e. A small coin.
a Whims, fancies. *b* Good-breeding.
c A noted ford just above Auld Brig. *d* A shirt.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk![e] puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This monie a year I 've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild[f] I 'm sair forfairn,[g]
I 'll be a brig when ye 're a shapeless cairn;[h]
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling [Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal[i] draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,[k]
In monie a torrent down his sna-broo rowes;[l]
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,[m]
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck,[n] down to the Ratten-key,[o]
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
Then down ye 'll hurl—deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups[p] up to the pouring skies:
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine architecture! trowth, I needs must say't o't,
The L—d be thankit that we 've tint the gate[q] o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;

e Cuckoo; applied as a term of contempt.
f Old age. *g* Worn out. *h* A loose heap of stones.
i The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the west of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.
k Thaws. *l* Snow-water rolls.
m A sweeping torrent after a thaw.
n The source of the river Ayr.
o A small landing-place above the large quay.
p The muddy jerks of agitated water. *q* Lost the way of it.

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the *second* dread *command* be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited[r] monkish race,
Or frosty maids, forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cuifs[s] of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Burgh[t] denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unbless'd with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,[u]
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, an' monie a Bailie,
Wha in the paths of righteousness did toil ay;
Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce[w] Conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha hae bless'd this town;
Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your hurdies[x] to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
A' ye douce folk I 've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would you say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see such melancholy alteration;

r Stupified. s Blockheads. t Borough.
u Coevals. w Wise. x The loins.

And, agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degen'rate race?
Nae langer rev'rend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid[y] Scots hold forth a plain braid story;
Nae langer thrifty citizens an' douce,[z]
Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house;
But staumrel,[a] corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The herryment[b] and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd geer[c] on d—d *new brigs* and *harbours!*

NEW BRIG.

Now haud[d] you there! for faith ye 've said enough,
And muckle[e] mair than ye can make to through.[f]
As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies[g] and *clergy* are a shot right kittle:[h]
But under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spar'd:
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae[i] a handle
To mouth a 'citizen,' a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin'[k] owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seisins.
If haply Knowledge on a random tramp,
Had shor'd[l] them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

. . . . . .

What farther clishmaclaver[m] might been said,
What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,

y Broad. *z* Wise, prudent. *a* Half-witted.
b Plunderers. *c* Well-saved money. *d* Hold. *e* Much.
f Make out, or prove. *g* A species of crows.
h Ticklish, difficult to come at. *i* To have.
k Cheapening. *l* Offered. *m* Idle tale.

No man can tell; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
O had M'Lauchlan,[n] thairm[o]-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When through his dear *strathspeys* they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug[p] been nobler fir'd
And e'en his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart
The Genius of the stream in front appears,
A venerable chief advanc'd in years:
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter-tangle[q] bound:
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary shew,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal[r] wild-woody coverts hide;

n A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.
o Fiddle-string. *p* Ear. *q* Sea-weed.
r Field, meadow.

Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form,[s] came from the tow'rs of Stair;
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine,[t] their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of Death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

LINES

Written with a pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers, near Loch-Ness.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below.
Prone down the rock the whit'ning sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
Dim seen thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
An' still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

. . . . . .

LINES

Written with a pencil, over the chimney-piece, in the parlour of an inn at Kenmore, Taymouth.

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;

s Mrs. Stewart. t See note c, P. 59.

Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glittering in the noon-tide beam—

. . . . . .

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone, wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

. . . . . .

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter, rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.[u]

. . . . . .

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE,

At Kerroughtry, the Seat of Mr. Heron, Author of a Life of the Poet, History of Scotland, &c. &c.; written in Summer, 1795.

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd pow'r's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,—
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

u These two Fragments were composed in the Autumn of 1787, when the poet was on a tour to the Highlands with Mr. W. Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;[w]
And och! o'er aft[x] thy joes[y] hae starv'd,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin, skelp[z] alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang,
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Skakspeare drives;
Wee[a] Pope, the knurlin,[b] till[c] him 'rives
Horatian fame;[d]
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Ev'n Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus! wha matches?
They 're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:
Squire Pope but busks[e] his skinklin[f] patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders,[g] nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,[h]
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
A rival place?

w Idle stories. *x* Over often. *y* Thy lovers. *z* Trip.
a Little. *b* Dwarf. *c* To.
d 'rives Horatian fame;] i. e. Divides, or shares fame with Horace. *e* Dresses. *f* A small portion.
g Hundreds. *h* Learning.

Yes, there is ane—a Scottish callan![i]
There 's ane—come forrit,[k] honest *Allan!*[l]
Thou need na jouk[m] beyond the hallan,[n]
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw *Tamtallan*,[o]
But thou 's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,[p]
In thy sweet *Caledonian* lines:
Nae gowden[q] stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens[r] thy burnie[s] strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;[t]
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';[u]
Nae bombast spates[w] o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap[x] conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

ON THE LATE

CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS

Through Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;
If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:[y]

i Boy. *k* Forward. *l* Allan Ramsay.
m To hang the head. *n* A party-wall in a cottage.
o The name of a mountain.
p Exactly, to a nicety. *q* Golden. *r* Daisied dales.
s Rivulet. *t* Clothes. *u* Self. *w* Torrents. *x* Short.
y I advise you to be cautious.

A chield's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel[z] wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That 's he, mark weel—
And wow![a] he has an unco slight[b]
O' cauk and keel.[c]

By some auld houlet[d]-haunted biggin',[e]
Or kirk deserted by its riggen,
It 's ten to ane ye 'll find him snug in
Some eldritch[f] part,
Wi' deils they say, L—d safe 's! colleaguin'
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist[g] that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,[h]
Ye gipsey gang that deal in glamor,[i]
And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks[k] an' witches;
Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b—es!

It 's tauld he was a sodger[l] bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he 's quat[m] the spurtle blade,[n]
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the—*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth[o] o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps[p] and jingling jackets,[q]

z Pursy, bloated. *a* An exclamation of pleasure, or wonder.
b Great sleight, or dexterity. *c* Chalk and red clay.
d An owl. *e* Building. See his Antiquities of Scotland.
f Frightful, ghastly. *g* Each ghost.
h Old hall, or chamber.
i Fortune-telling, pretending to a knowledge of future events by magic, &c. *k* Wizards. *l* Soldier.
m Did quit. *n* A sort of nickname for a sword.
o A plenty. *p* Iron helmets.
q Coats of mail, &c. See his Treatise on Ancient Armour.

Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,[r]
A towmont guid;[s]
An' parritch-patts, and auld saut-backets,
Before the flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
And Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the Witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye,[u] he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,[w]
The cut of Adam's philibeg;[x]
The knife that nicket Abel's craig[y]
He 'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,[z]
Or long-kail gullie.[a]

But wad ye see him in his glee,
(For meikle glee and fun has he,)
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And *port, O port*! shine thou a wee,
And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield,[b] O Grose!
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I 'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

r Small nails.
s Would furnish tacks enough to supply the three counties of Lothian for a twelvemonth. *t* Porridge-pots.
u Besides. *w* Quite readily.
x The short petticoat, part of the Highland dress.
y Throat. *z* A folding, or clasp knife.
a A large knife used for cutting kail. *b* Fellow.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.[c]

AULD chuckie Reekie[d] 's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit[e] nest
Can yield ava,[f]
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie 's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,[g]
And had o' things an unco[h] slight;
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw:[i]
But now tney 'll busk[k] her like a fright,
Willie 's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The bauldest o' them a he cow'd;[l]
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We 've lost a birkie[m] weel worth gowd
Willie 's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,[n]
Frae colleges, and boarding schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools,[o]
In glen or shaw;[p]
He who could brush them down to mools,[q]
Willie 's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-chaumer[r]
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they 'll now mak mony a stammer,
Willie 's awa!

c To William Creech, Esq. Edinburgh, author of 'Fugitive Pieces,' &c. and the Poet's worthy publisher.
d Edinburgh, *e* Dressed. *f* At all. *g* A superior genius.
h Very great. *i* Spruce and fine. *k* Dress. *l* Frightened.
m Clever fellow. *n* Foolish, thoughtless young persons.
o Mushrooms. *p* A small wood in a hollow. *q* Dust.
r The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr. C. was secretary.

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,[s]
And toothy critics by the core,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the score,
Willie 's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
M'Kenzie, Stuart, such a brace,
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun[t] meet some ither place,
Willie 's awa!

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps[u] like some bewilder'd chicken,
Scar'd frae its minnie[w] and the clecken[x]
By hoodie-craw;[y]
Grief's gien[z] his heart an unco kickin',
Willie 's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd, girnin'[a] blellum,[b]
And Calvin's fock[c] are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum[d]
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie[e] warp their bellum,[f]
Willie 's awa!

Up wimpling,[g] stately Tweed I 've sped,
And Eden scenes on chrystal Jed,
And Etrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But ev'ry joy and pleasure 's fled,
Willie 's awa!

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;

s Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr C—'s house at breakfast. *t* Must. *u* Chirps.
w Mother. *x* Brood. *y* The pewit-gull. *z* Given.
a Grinning. *b* A talking fellow. *c* People.
d A worthless fellow. *e* Finely. *f* Their ill nature.
g Meandering.

And, lastly, streekit[h] out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee! Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow[i] as auld[k] 's Methusalem!
He canty claw![l]
Then to the blessed, new Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

LIBERTY.—A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among—
Thee fam'd for martial deed and sacred song—
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.—
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

THE VOWELS.—A TALE.

'TWAS where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where Ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;

h Stretched. *i* Head. *k* Old. *l* Cheerfully scratch.

Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.
  First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, *ai!*
  Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous grace
The justling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.
  The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!
  In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!
  As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infant's tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

FRAGMENT,

Inscribed to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction--

I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle. [glory
But now for a patron, whose name and whose
At once may illustrate and honour my story.
Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.
Good L—d, what is man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he 's a problem must puzzle the devil.
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours, [its neighbours:
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him? [shew him.
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions, [him;
Mankind is a science defies definitions.
Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? there 's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you 'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,

Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you 've the other.

SKETCH.[1]

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets,
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;*
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood;
His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

SCOTS PROLOGUE.

For Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night, Dumfries.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae mickle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;

This Sketch seems to be one of a series, intended for a projected work, under the title of 'The Poet's Progress.' This character was sent as a specimen, accompanied by a letter, to Professor Dugald Stewart, in which it is thus noticed. 'The fragment beginning 'A little, upright, pert, tart,' &c. I have not shewn to any man living, till I now shew it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching.'

Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece,
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would shew the tragic muse in a' her glory.—
  Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal pag ,
But Douglases were heroes every age:
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!
  As ye hae generous done, if a' the land,
Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins[k] when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their best;
Would a' the land do this, then I 'll be caution[l]
Ye 'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar[m] Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle[n] Time an' lay him on his back!

k Perhaps. *l* Security. *m* Make. *n* To struggle.

For us and for our stage should ony spier,[o]
'Whase aught thae chiels[p] maks a' this bustle
My best leg foremost, I 'll set up my brow, [here?'
We have the honour to belong to you!
We 're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore[q] before you strike,—
An' gratefu' still I hope ye 'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We 've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks:
God help us! we 're but poor—ye 'se get but thanks.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre, Ellisland, on New-Year-Day Evening.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity:
Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
'You 're one year older this important day,'
If *wiser too*—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—'think!'
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;

o Inquire. p Fellows. q To chide.

That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.
Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smoothes his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you 'll mind th' important—now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Woods, on his Benefit Night, Monday, April 16, 1787.

When by a generous public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heav'nly virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?
Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' power in Southern's song:
But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, Caledonia! name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!
Where every science, every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle, pedant dream, [beam;
Here holds her search, by heaven-taught Reason's
Here History paints with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;

Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley[r] rouses all the god in man.
When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit unite,
With manly lore, or female beauty bright
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I 've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you 're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet,
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame. [hand
O Thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land,
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
May every son be worthy of his sire;
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

[The following verses were written when our Poet was in his eighteenth or nineteenth year. It is an exclamation by a great character on meeting with a child of misery.]

All devil as I am, a damned wretch,
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;

r The Man of Feeling, written by Mr. Mackenzie.

Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity:
Ye poor despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
—O, but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!

REMORSE.—A FRAGMENT.

[These lines were found in a note-book of the Poet's, written in early life.]

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with [anguish,
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—'It was no deed of mine;'
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—'Blame thy foolish self,'
Or, worser far, the pangs of keen remorse;
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others;
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
And after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
O, happy, happy, enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

ODE

On the Birth-day of Prince Charles Edward.

[Burns having been present at a meeting held at Edinburgh, on the 31st Dec. 1787, to celebrate the birth-day of the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, and being appointed poet-laureate for the occasion, he produced an ode, of which an extract is here presented to the reader.]

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

False flatterer, Hope, away!
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore;
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more;
And, owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low, adore.
Ye honour'd, mighty dead!
Who nobly perish'd in the glorious cause,
Your King, your country, and her laws!
From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms,
(What breast of northern ice but warms?)
To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire lighted at heav'n's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.

Not unreveng'd your fate shall be,
It only lags the fatal hour;
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power.
As from the cliff, with thund'ring course,
The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed and gathering force,
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
So vengeance * * *

ADDRESS,

Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit Night, Dec. 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.

Still anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure this night, than ever,

A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies;
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last my Prologue-business slily hinted.
'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
'I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,—
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears,
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?'
I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D 'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that 's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!
Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery 's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you 'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:

Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself;
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that 's your grand specific.
  To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we 're merry may we still be wise.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN:

An Occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle on her Benefit Night.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp *the Rights of Man;*
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
  First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection.*—
The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.
  Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He 'd die before he 'd wrong it—'tis *decorum.*—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot;
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
  For Right the third, our last, our best our dearest,—
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,

Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration!*
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! the Majesty of Woman!

VERSES

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet, in a copy of that Author's Works presented to a young Lady in Edinburgh, March 19, 1787.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell,
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.—
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I 'd break her spirit, or I 'd break her heart:
I 'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I 'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I spreckled[s] up the brae,[t]
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I 've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
(Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;)
I 've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth[u] did sloken.[w]

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet, my bonnet ;
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,[x]
Our Peerage, he o'erlooks them a'
As I look o'er my sonnet !

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
To show Sir Bardie's willyart[y] glow'r,
And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavan[z] as if led wi' branks,[a]
An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,
Thinks I, they are but men !
But Burns, my Lord—Guid God ! I doited[b]
My knees on ane anither knoited,[c]
As faultering I gaed ben ![d]

s Crawled, or clambered on the hands and knees.
t Hill. *u* Thirst. *w* Slacken, or quench.
x i. e. He was six feet high. *y* Bashful look.
z Going, or walking. *a* A kind of wooden curb for horses.
b Was stupified. *c* Knocked together.
d Went into the parlour.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal 't a look
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surprised me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms of the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as well 's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care,
To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

A PRAYER.

Left in a room of a Reverend Friend's* house, where the Author slept.

O THOU, dread Pow'r who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

* Dr. Laurie, minister of Loudoun, from whom the poet received many essential favours, one of which, and none of the least, will be best explained in his own words—'I had taken the last farewell of my few friends—my chest was on the road to Greenock, from whence I was to embark in a few days for America. I had composed the last song, I should ever measure in Caledonia. The gloomy night is gathering fast, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, to a friend of mine, (Dr. Laurie, who had sent to Dr. Blacklock a copy of our poet's works) overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics, for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn.'

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
  Long, long, be pleas'd to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
  And shew what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
  With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
  But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
  In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
  Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band,
  With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
  Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
  O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
  A family in heav'n!

A PRAYER,

Under the pressure of violent Anguish.

O THOU, great Being! what thou art
  Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
  Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
  All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
  Obey thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
  From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears!
  Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
T bear and not repine!

A PRAYER,

In the prospect of Death.

O THOU, unknown, Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly, in my breast
Remonstrates I have done:

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Hast often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing [storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms;
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, Forgive my foul offence!
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man:
Then how should I for heav'nly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heav'nly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

THE FIRST PSALM.

The man in life, wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
  Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
  Before the sweeping blast.

For why? That God, the good adore,
  Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
  Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
  Of all the human race!
Whose strong right-hand has ever been
  Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
  Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
  Arose at thy command:

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
  This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
  Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
  Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
  Than yesterday that 's past.

Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man,
  Is to existence brought:
Again, thou sayest, 'Ye sons of men,
  Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
  In everlasting sleep:
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
  With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
  In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
  All wither'd and decay'd.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
  For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
  For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, heavenly Guide,
  May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
  Lord, bless us with content.—*Amen.*

VERSE

Written in Friar's-Carse Hermitage on Nith-side.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul!—
  Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always low'r.
  As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning-star advance,
Pleasure, with her syren air,
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.
  As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait;

Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold;
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.[e]
As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease;
There, ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou 'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, 'Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?'
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, 'To be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.'
Thus resign'd and quiet creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life—future no more,
To light and joy and good restore—
To light and joy unknown before!
Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quoth the Beadsman of Nith-side.

e See 'Grongar Hill,' a Poem by Dyer.

WINTER.—A DIRGE.

The wintry west extends his blast,
  And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
  The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
  And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest
  And pass the heartless day.

'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,'[f]
  The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
  Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
  My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
  Their fate resembles mine!

Thou, Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
  These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
  Because they are Thy Will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
  This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny
  Assist me to resign.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.—A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
  Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
  Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
  Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
  And hoary was his hair.

f Dr. Young.

'Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?'
Began the rev'rend sage;
'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miseries of man!

'The sun that over-hangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride!
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

'O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

'Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill-match'd pair!
Shew man was made to mourn.

'A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.

But, oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
  Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
  That man was made to mourn.

'Many and sharp the num'rous ills
  Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
  Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn!

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
  So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
  To give him leave to toil;[g]
And see his lordly *fellow-worn*
  The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
  And helpless offspring mourn.

'If I 'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
  By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
  His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
  To make his fellow mourn?

'Yet let not this too much, my son,
  Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
  Is surely not the *last!*

g The contrast between his own worldly circumstances and intellectual rank, was never perhaps more bitterly nor more loftily expressed by our Poet, than in these four lines, and the first half of the following stanza.

The poor, oppressed, honest man
  Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
  To comfort those that mourn!

'O Death! the poor man's dearest friend!
  The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
  Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
  From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
  That weary-laden mourn!'[h]

DESPONDENCY.—AN ODE.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
  I sit me down and sigh:
O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
  To wretches such as I!
Dim, backward, as I cast my view
  What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
  Too justly I may fear!
    Still caring, despairing,
      Must be my bitter doom;
    My woes here shall close ne'er,
      But with the closing tomb!

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
  No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end* 's deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
  They bring their own reward:

h In 'Man was made to Mourn,' Burns appears to have taken many hints from an ancient ballad, entitled 'The Life and Age of Man.'

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
  Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
  And joyless morn the same.
    You, bustling, and justling,
      Forget each grief and pain;
    I listless, yet restless,
      Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot!
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
  Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
  Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
  By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
  A faint collected dream:
    While praising, and raising
      His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
    As wand'ring, meand'ring,
      He views the solemn sky.

Than I no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
  Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop and *just* to move,
  With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
  Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
  Can want, and yet be blest!
    He needs not, he heeds not,
      Or human love or hate,
    Whilst I here, must cry here,
      At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining *age!*

TO RUIN.

All hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *dearest tie,*
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

And thou, grim Pow'r, by life abhorr'd
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink, appall'd, afraid
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!

When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—*Shakspeare.*

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,[i]
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r[k]
Far south the lift,[l]
Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirlin' drift:

Ae[m] night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns,[n] wi' snawy wreaths up-chocked,
Wild-eddying swirl,[o]
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,[p]
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks[q] rattle,
I thought me on the ourie[r] cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing[s] sprattle,
Beneath a scar.[t]

Ilk happing[u] bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,

Sullen. *k* Glimmer. *l* The Sky. *m* One. *n* Rivulets.
o Curve. *p* Gushed. *q* Windows. *r* Shivering.
s Wading, and sinking in snow, or mud.
t A cliff, or precipice. *u* Each hopping.

Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chitt'ring wing,
And close thy e'e?

E'en you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone, from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark, muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

'Blow, blow ye winds with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shews
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting, [bestows!
Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man

'See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!

'E'en in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide:
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
A creature of another kind,

Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

'Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted Honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, [prayers!
Regardless of her tears, and unavailing
Perhaps, this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

'O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think for a moment on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!

'Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting, view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I heard nae mair, for chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,[w]

w Flaky snow.

And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God.

THE LAMENT,

Occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's Amour.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe!—*Home.*

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad love-born lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft attested Powers above;
The promis'd father's tender name—
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
  How have the raptur'd moments flown
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
  For her dear sake, and hers alone!
And must I think it! Is she gone,
  My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
  And is she ever, ever lost?

O! can she bear so base a heart
  So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
  The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
  Her way may lie through rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
  Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
  Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
  My fondly treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
  For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
  And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
  Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
  That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
  Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wing my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
  Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
  Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
  Keep watchings with the nightly thief:

Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night!

O thou bright queen, who o'er the expanse
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never, to return!
Scenes, if, in stupor, I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn:
From every joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.[x]

LAMENT,[y]

Written when the Author was about to leave his native country.

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride o' my bosom, my Mary's no more.

x A detail of the circumstance on which this affecting Poem was composed will be found in Lockhart's Life of the Poet, p. 85.
y First published in the Dumfries Weekly Journal, July 5th, 1815.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we 'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

LAMENT,

FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae[z] the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle[a] pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely taen.[b]

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,[c]
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

'Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal choir!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!

z From. *a* Much. *b* Taken. *c* Oak.

A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye 'll charm the ear and e'e,
But nocht[d] in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald[e] of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

'I 've seen sae monie changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

'And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake! resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,

d Nought. e Hold.

Accept this tribute from the Bard
  Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest[f] gloom.

'In poverty's low barren vale,
  Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Tho' oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
  Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me like the morning sun
  That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless Bard and rustic song,
  Became alike thy fostering care.

'Oh! why has worth so short a date?
  While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
  Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
Why did I live to see that day?
  A day to me so full of woe!
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
  Which laid my benefactor low!

'The bridegroom may forget the bride
  Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
  That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
  That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I 'll remember thee, Glencairn,
  And a' that thou hast done for me!'[g]

LINES

Sent to Sir John Whitefoord, of Whitefoord, Bart., with the foregoing Poem.

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly [fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *friend* thou valued'st, I the *patron* lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.

f Darkest. g See Note, page 26.

We 'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

On the approach of Spring.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nocht can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
A loft on dewy wing;
The merle,[h] in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis[i] mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun[k] lie in prison strang.[l]

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu'[m] lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:

h The Blackbird. *i* The Thrush. *k* Must.
l Strong. *m* Full.

And I 'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,
  And monie a traitor there:
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
  And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
  My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
  That through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
  Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
  Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
  Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
  That ne'er wad blink[n] on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
  Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
  Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer-suns
  Nae mair[o] light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
  Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
  Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
  Bloom on my peaceful grave!

n Would shine. o No more.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH.[p]

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much.——*Blair.*

Dear Smith, the sleest,[q] pawkie[r] thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,[s]
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef[t]
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief[u]
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye 've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that 's done,
Mair taen[w] I 'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin[x] Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit[y] stature,
She 's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She 's wrote 'the man.'

Just now I 've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmy[z] noddle 's working prime,
My fancy yerkit[a] up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what 's comin'?

p Then a shopkeeper in Mauchline. He afterward went to the West Indies, where he died.
q Pronounced *slee-est*, slyest. *r* Cunning.
s Plunder. *t* Wizard-spell. *u* Proof.
w More delighted. *x* A stout old woman. *y* Scanty.
z Like barm, or yeast. *a* Jerked, lashed.

Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,[c]
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash![d]
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;[e]
But, in requit,
Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion 's taen a sklent,[f]
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I 'm that way bent,
Something cries—'Hoolie![g]
I red[h] you, honest man, tak tent![i]
Ye 'll shaw your folly.

'There 's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tetters
Their unknown pages.'

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
And teach the lanely heights an' howes[k]
My rustic sang.

I 'll wander on wi' tentless[l] heed
How never-halting moments speed,

Country talk. *d* To care for. *e* Doomed me to poverty.
f Aslant. *g* Take time and consider. *h* Counsel.
Take heed. *k* Hollows, or dales. *l* Thoughtless.

Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I 'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we 're living, sound, and hale,
Then top and main-top crowd the sail,
Heave care owre-side!
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
Let 's tak the tide.

This life, sae far 's I understand,
Is a' enchanted, fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance[m] that five-an'-forty 's speel'd,[n]
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,[o]
Wi' wrinkled face,
Come hostin',[p] hirplin',[p] owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',[r]
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
An' social noise;
An' fareweel, dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

m Once. *n* To climb. *o* Old age.
p Coughing. *q* Hobbling. *r* Twilight.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Amang the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;[s]
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
But[t] care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim some fortune chase;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey;
Then cannie,[u] in some cozie[w] place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin',
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *luna* waining?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining
Let 's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Powers!' and warm implore,
'Tho' I should wander *terra* o'er,
In all her climes,

s Did sweat. *t* Without. *u* Dexterously. *w* Snug.

Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth[x] o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hang frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes[y] to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour;
And yill[z] an' whisky gie to cairds,[a]
Until they sconner.[b]

'A title, Dempster[c] merits it;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.;
But gie me real, sterling wit,
And I 'm content.

'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be 't water-brose[d] or muslin-kail,[e]
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang 's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk[f] beneath misfortune's blows
As weel 's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce[g] folk that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

x Plenty. *y* Clothes. *z* Ale. *a* Tinkers.
b Loathe it. *c* George Dempster, Esq. of Dunnichen.
d Made of meal and water only.
e Broth, composed of water, shelled barley, and greens.
f To stoop. *g* Wise.

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In arioso trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But, gravissimo, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye 're wise;
Nae ferly[h] tho' you do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam[i] boys,
The rattlin' squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I 'll scarce gang onie where—
Then Jamie, I shall say nae mair
But quit my sang,
Content wi' you to make a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

TO JOHN LAPRAIK,

An old Scottish Bard.

April 1, 1785.

While briars an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks[k] scraichin' loud at e'en,
An' morning pousie[l] whiddin'[m] seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en[n] we had a rockin',[o]
To ca' the crack[p] and weave the stockin';

h With contempt. *i* Thoughtless.. *k* Partridges.
l A hare. *m* Running as a hare does. *n* Fastens-even.
o This is a term derived from those primitive times, when the country women employed their leisure hours in spinning on the rock or distaff. This instrument being very portable, was well fitted to accompany its owner to a neighbour's house; hence the phrase of *going a rocking*, or *with the rock*. The connexion, however, which the phrase had with the implement was forgotten after the rock gave place to the spinning wheel, and men talked of going a-rocking as well as women. It was at one of these rockings, or social parties, that Mr. Lapraik's song was sung. Burns being informed who was the author, wrote his first epistle to Lapraik; and his second in reply to his answer.
p To call upon some one in the company for a song, or a story.

And there was muckle fun an' jockin',
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang,[q] amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I 've scarce heard aught describes sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel:
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?'
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel[r]
About Muirkirk.

q The song here alluded to was written by Mr. Lapraik after sustaining a considerable pecuniary loss. In consequence of some connexion as security for several persons concerned in the failure of the Ayr bank, he was obliged to sell his farm of Dalfram, near Muirkirk. One day, while his wife was fretting over their misfortunes, he composed it with a view to moderate her grief and fortify her resignation. It is as follows:

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss:
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor Envy's sel finds aught to blame;
And ay when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I 'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I 'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear:
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They 're like the woodbine round the tree,
That 's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

r A droll good fellow.

It pat me fidgin'-fain'[s] to hear 't,
And sae about him there I spier't ;[t]
Then a' that kent him round declar'd
He had ingine,[u]
That nane excell'd it, few cam near 't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce,[w] or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he 'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,[x]
Or die a cadger-pownie's[y] death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I 'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.[z]

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell
I to the crambo-jingle[a] fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning[b] to a body's sel,
Does weel enough.

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,

s Very anxious. *t* Inquired.
u Possessed of wit and genius. *w* Serious.
x Furniture. *y* A carrier's poney. *z* Converse.
a Rhyming. *b* Humming.

You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're may be wrang.

What 's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools;
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs[c] your grammars?
Ye 'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,[d]
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks,[e] and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That 's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub[g] and mire,
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,[h]
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear[i] enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fu',[k]
I 'se no insist,
But gif ye want a friend that 's true,
I 'm on your list.

c Serves, what service.
d Stupid fellows, who know neither how to dress, or to behave with propriety. *e* Large calves. *f* Then.
g A pond. *h* Sly. *i* Learning. *k* Full.

I winna blaw[l] about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose[m] me,
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As sair[n] abuse me.

There 's ae wee faut[o] they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a plack[p] they wheedle frae me!
At dance or fair;
Maybe some ither thing they gie me,
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair;
I should be proud to meet you there;
We 'se gie a night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,[q]
An' hae a swap o' rhymin'-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap,[r] we se gar[s] him clatter,
An' kirsen[t] him wi' reeking water;
Syne[u] we 'll sit down an' tak our whitter,[w]
To cheer our heart;
An' faith we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

There 's naething like the honest nappy!
Whaur 'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn?

I 've seen me daez't[x] upon a time;
I scarce could wink or see a styme;

l Will not boast. *m* Praise me. *n* Sore. *o* One small fault.
p An old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny.
q Meet.
r A pot or measure, in which whisky or other spirits was served out to customers at ale-houses. *s* Make. *t* To christen.
u Then. *w* A hearty draught of liquor. *x* Stupid.

Just ae half muchkin does me prime,
Ought less is little,
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg 's a whittle!

Awa' ye selfish, warly[y] race,
Wha think that havins,[z] sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch the plack![a]
I dinna like to see your face
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms
Who hold your being on the terms—
'Each aid the others!'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen 's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,[b]
Who am most fervent,
While I can either sing or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

While new-ca'd kye[c] rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,[d]
This hour, on e'enin's edge, I take,
To own I 'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjeskete[e] sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,

y Worldly. z Good manners. a To get money. b Bustle.
c Cows having newly calved. d A kind of harrow.
e Jaded with fatigue.

Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours[f] bite,
My awkwart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetless[g] ramfeezl'd[h] hizzie,
She 's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we 've been sae busy,
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair.'

Her dowff[i] excuses pat me mad:
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
I 'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

'Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack of cartes,
Roose[k] you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye 'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly!'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink;
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I 'll close it;
An' if you winna mak it clink,
By Jove I 'll prose it!'

Sae I 've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that 's rightly neither,

f A slight bate given to horses in the forenoon, while in the yoke. *g* Foolish. *h* Fatigued.
i Pithless, wanting force. *k* Praise, commend.

Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether[l]
Just clean aff-loof.[m]

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard and sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp;
She's but a bitch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle[n] owre a rig;[o]
But, by the Lord, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,[p]
I'll laugh an' sing, an' shake my leg
As lang's I dow![q]

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,[r]
Still persecuted by the limmer[s]
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,[t]
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *gent.*,
Behint a kist[u] to lie and sklent,[w]
Or purse-proud, big wi' *cent. per cent.*
And muckle wame,[x]
In some bit burgh[y] to represent
A bailie's name?

Or, is 't the paughty, feudal thane,
Wi' ruffled sark[z] an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himself nae sheep-shank bane,[a]

l Nonsense. *m* Unpremeditated, off-hand.
n Straddle. *o* Ridge. *p* With gray hairs.
q Can. *r* Tree. *s* Kept mistress.
t Skittish girl. *u* Shop counter.
w To look sideways, and cunning. *x* Large belly.
y Small borough. *z* Shirt. *a* No mean personage.

But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

'O Thou, wha gies us each good gift!
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!'

Were this the charter of our state—
'On pain of hell be rich and great;'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;[b]
But, thanks to Heav'n! that 's no the gate[c]
We learn our creed:—

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began—
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
An' none but he.'

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers of the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu'[d] of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl,
May shun the light.

b Remedy. c The way. d Handful.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

TO THE SAME.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

GUID speed an' furder to you Johnie,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonnie;
Now when ye 're nickan[e] down fu' cannie[f]
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoop[g] o' brany
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs[h]
Like drivin wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I 'm bizzie[i] too, an' skelpin'[k] at it,
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it,
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg[l] an' whatt[m] it,
Like ony clerk.

It 's now twa month that I 'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel ye 're better,
But mair profane.

e Cutting.
f Dexterous. *g* Jug or dish with a handle.
h Scars or gulfs in mosses. *i* Busy.
k Driving or pressing forward. *l* A kind of knife.
m To polish by cutting.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let 's sing about our noble sels ;
We 'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives and whiskie stills,
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat[n] it,
An' if ye mak objections at it,
Then han' in nieve[o] some day we 'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquabae we 've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks[p] be spar'd
Till kye[q] be gaun[r] without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theckit[s] right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye 're auld an' gatty,[t]
An' be as canty,[u]
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty !

But stooks[w] are cowpet[x] wi' the blast,
An' now the sun keeks[y] in the west,
Then I maun rin[z] amang the rest
An' quat my chanter ;
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter.

n Quit. *o* Hand in hand.
p A kind of wooden curb. *q* Cows. *r* Going. *s* Thatched.
t Infirm. *u* Merry. *w* Shocks of corn. *x* Upset.
y Peeps. *z* Must run.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,[a]

A Brother Poet. Jan. ——

While winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing[b] us owre the ingle,[c]
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin'[d] jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,[e]
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien[f] and snug:
I tent[g] less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

It 's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiels[h] are whiles in want
While coofs[i] on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair 't:[k]
But Davie, lad, ne'er fash[l] your head
Tho' we hae little gear,
We 're fit to win our daily bread
As lang 's we 're hale and fier:[m]
'Mair spier[n] na, nor fear na',[o]
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,[p]
The last o 't, the warst o 't,
Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!

a David Sillar, author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect. *b* Hang. *c* Fire-place. *d* West country. *e* The fire-side. *f* In plenty. *g* Heed. *h* Best of men. *i* Blockheads. *k* To spend it. *l* Trouble. *m* Sound. *n* More ask not. *o* Ramsay. *p* Fig.

Yet then content could make us blest:
Ev'n then, sometimes, we 'd snatch a taste
  Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that 's free frae a'
  Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick'd the ba',
  Has ay some cause to smile:
    And mind still, you 'll find still,
      A comfort this nae sma';
    Nae mair then, we 'll care then,
      Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
  But[q] either house or hal'?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
  Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
  And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
  To see the coming year:
    On braes when we please, then,
      We'li sit an' sowth[r] a tune;
    Syne[s] rhyme till 't,[t] we 'll time till't,
      And sing 't when we hae done.

It 's no in titles nor in rank;
It 's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
  To purchase peace and rest;
It 's no in makin' muckle mair;[u]
It 's no in books; it 's no in lear
  To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
  And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
  But never can be blest:

q Without. r Hum, or whistle.
s Then. t To it. u Much more.

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay 's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that 's good,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell!
Esteeming and deeming
It 's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An' 's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit o' age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real good and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flattery I detest),
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;

And joys the very best.
There 's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien' ;
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I, my darling Jean !
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name :
It heats me, it beets[w] me,
And sets me a' on flame !

O all ye pow'rs who rule above !
O Thou, whose very self art love !
Thou know'st my words sincere !
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, all-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r ,
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow ;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still :
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific[x] scene,
To meet with and greet with,
My Davie or my Jean.

w Adds fuel to fire. x Dark, gloomy.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin'[y] rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin'[z] o'er my pen.
My spaviet[a] Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he 's fairly het;[b]
And then he 'll hilch,[c] and stilt,[d] and jimp,[e]
An' rin an unco fit:[f]
But lest then, the beast then
Should rue this hasty ride,
I 'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty, wizen'd[g] hide.

TO THE SAME.[h]

Auld Neebor,
I 'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant,[i] frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say 't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter,
Some less maun sair.[k]

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck[l] jink[m] an' diddle
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns bairns[n] kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I 'm red[o] ye 're glaikit;[p]
I 'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;

y Tripping. *z* Looking. *a* Having the Spavin. *b* Heated. *c* Hobble. *d* Limp, or halt. *e* Jump. *f* Go speedily. *g* Shrunk, hide-bound.
h This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789. *i* Sagacious. *k* Must serve.
l Elbow. *m* A sudden turning. *n* Children's children.
o Informed. *p* Inattentive, foolish.

An' gif[q] it 's sae, ye sud[r] be licket[s]
Until ye fyke ;[t]
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,[u]
Be hain't[w] wha like.

For me, I 'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin' the words to gar them clink ;
Whyles dais't[x] wi' love, whyles dais't wi' drink,
Wi' jads[y] or masons ;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan ,
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil-haet,[z] that I sud ban,[a]
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin' ;
But just the pouchie[b] put the nieve[c] in,
An' while ought 's there,
Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',[d]
An' fash nae mair.[e]

Leeze me[f] on rhyme ! it 's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel',[g] at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie !
Though rough an' raploch[h] be her measure,
She 's seldom lazy.

Haud[i] to the Muse, my dainty Davie ;
The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;

q If. *r* Should. *s* Licked, beaten. *t* Become agitated.
u Such hands as you should ne'er be unknown.
w Spared, or excused. *x* Sometimes stupified. *y* Women.
z The devil forbid. *a* Swear. *b* Pouch, or Purse.
c The hand. *d* Dashing away. *e* Care for nothing more.
f A phrase of endearment. *g* In the field. *h* Coarse.
i Hold.

But for the Muse, she 'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho limpin' wi' the spavie[k]
Frae door to door.

TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

With a Portrait of the Author.

Edinburgh, 1787.

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected, [heart,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry, [join,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title 's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

* * * * *
* * * *
* * * * *

But loyalty, truce! we 're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter

k Spavin.

I send you a trifle, a head of a Bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of respect;
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night:
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say 't, I wad be silly,
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxing billie,
Your flatt'rin' strain.

But I 'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud[l] be laith[m] to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins[n] sklented
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phrasin'[o] terms ye 've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,[p]
Should I but dare a hope to speel,[q]
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel;
A deathless name!

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane[r] hearts,
Ye E'nburgh[s] gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes,[t]
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

l Should. *m* Loth. *n* Sidelong. *o* Flattering.
p A fish-basket. *q* To climb. *r* A hard rocky stone.
s Edinburgh. *t* Cards.

Yet when a tale comes i' my head
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,[u]
As whyles they 're like to be my dead,[v]
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila[x] now may fidge fu' fain,[y]
She 's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters[z] winna hain,[a]
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise,

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of-isle,
Beside New-Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Nae body sings.

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit[b] to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We 'll gar[c] our streams and burnies[d] shine
Up wi' the best.

We 'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,[e]
Her moors red brown wi' heather bells,

u A rent.
v To be my death. *x* From Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.
y Manifest strong symptoms of pleasure, or delight.
z Part of a bagpipe. *a* Spare. *b* Foot. *c* Make.
d Rivers and brooks. *e* Fields.

Her banks an braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree,[f] as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.[g]

At Wallace, name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,[h]
Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are Coila's haughs[i] an' woods,
When lintwhites[k] chant amang the buds,
And jinking hares, in amorous whids,[l]
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods[m]
Wi' wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature. a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms.
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand[n] her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,

f Obtained the victory.
g Englishmen. *h* To walk in blood over the shoe-tops.
i Valleys. *k* Linnets.
l The motion of a hare in running, when not frightened.
m The dove coos. *n* Found.

And no think lang :[o]
O sweet to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may grudge an' drive
Hog-shouther,[p] jundie,[q] stretch an' strive,
Let me fair Nature's face descrive,[r]
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum[s] owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing brither!'
We 've been owre lang unkenn'd[t] to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May Envy wallop in a tether,[u]
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies;[w]
While *terra firma*, on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory 's no worth a preen;[x]
I had amaist forgotten clean,
You bade me write you what they mean
By this new-light,[y]
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

o And not think the time long, or be weary.
p Justle with the shoulder. *q* Justle. *r* Describe
s To hum. *t* Unknown to each other
u Struggle as an animal, whose tether gets entangled.
w Morbid sheep. *x* A pin.
y New-light, a cant phrase in the west of Scotland for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich defended so strenuously

In days when mankind were but callans[z]
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans[a],
Like you or me.

In thae[b] auld times they thought the moon,
Just like a sark,[c] or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,[d]
Gaed past their viewin',
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed,
It ne'er came i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,[e]
Wad threap[f] auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,[g]
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin[h] to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd ·
The herds and hissels[i] were alarm'd;
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours[k] an' nicks;

z Boys. *a* The Scottish dialect. *b* These. *c* A shirt
d A shred. *e* Book. *f* Maintain by dint of assertion.
g Corner.
h Returning. *i* So many cattle as one person can attend.
k A lump or swelling after a blow.

And monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;[l]
An' some to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.[m]

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' auld-light caddies[n] bure[o] sic hands,
That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
The lairds forbade, by strict command,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,[p]
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe,[q]
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,[r]
Ye 'll find ane plac'd;
An' some their new-light fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin';
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin';
Mysel, I 've even seen them greetin'[s]
Wi' girnin[t] spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word an' write.[u]

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind 't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
And stay ae month amang the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld-moon's gaen to lea'e them,

l A blow on the head with a cudgel. *m* Burnt.
n Literally ticket-porters, or trusty persons who are employed on errands, but the appellation is frequently used in a more general way, and applied to other persons.
o Did bear. *p* A fright or beating. *q* Altogether.
r Hillock. *s* Weeping. *t* With rage, or agony of spirit.
u Both in conversation and books.

The hindmost shaird,[w] they 'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the new-light billies[x] see them,
I think they 'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a moonshine matter;
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,[y]
I hope we bardies ken some better,
Than mind sic brulzie.[z]

TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

On the publication of his Essays.

O Goudie! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats an' rev'rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin[a] looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin'[b] Superstition,
Waes me! she 's in a sad condition;
Fie! bring Black Jock her state physician
To see her water!
Alas! there 's ground o' great suspicion
She 'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she 's got an unco ripple,[c]
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,[d]
Nigh unto death;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm 's past redemption,

w A shred. *x* Brethren. *y* To quarre..
z A broil. *a* Twisting the features in agony.
b Staring. *c* Great weakness in the back, or loins.
d That the prayers of the congregation may be offered up in her behalf.

Gaen[e] in a gallopping consumption,
Not a' the quacks wi' a' their gumption,[f]
Will ever mend her,
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor[g] are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin[h] the Lord's ain focks[i] gat leave,
A toom[k] tar-barrel
And twa red peats[l] wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

TO J. RANKINE,

Enclosing some Poems.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale[m] o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There 's monie godly folks are thinkin',
Your dreams[n] an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks[o] an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou;[p]
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.[q]

e Going. *f* Skill. *g* Dr. Taylor of Norwich.
h If, against. *i* Folk, people. *k* Empty.
l Two red-hot turfs, such as are used for fuel. *m* Choice.
n A certain humurous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side. *o* Conversation.
p Make them drunk. *q* Rends.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye 're skaithing,[r]
It 's just the blue-gown badge an' claithing
O' saunts,[s] tak that, ye la'e[t] them naething
To ken them by,
Frae onie unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I 've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair:
Sae, when you hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang,[u] ye 'll sen 't wi' cannie[w] care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My Muse dow[x] scarcely spread her wing!
I 've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,[y]
An' danc'd my fill;
I 'd better gaen an' sair'd[z] the king
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night, lately, in my fun,
I gaed a-roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick[a] to the grun',[b]
A bonnie hen,
An' as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straiket[c] it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash[d] me for't;
But deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale[e] affair.

Some auld-us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;

r Injuring. *s* Saints. *t* Leave.
u A song he had promised the Author. *w* Dexterous.
x Can, or dare.
y A Scottish reel. *z* Served. *a* A partridge.
b Ground. *c* Stroked. *d* Trouble. *e* Whole.

I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie,
So gat the whissle o' my grot,[e]
An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,[f]
An' by my pouther an' my hail,[g]
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, neist year.

As soon 's the clocking-time[h] is by
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
Lord, I 'se hae sporting by an' bye,
For my gowd guinea,
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye[i]
For 't in Virginia

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame[k]
Scarce thro' the feathers;
And baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers![l]

It pits me ay as mad 's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time 's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
Your most obedient.

TO THE SAME,

On his writing to the author that a girl was with child by him.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';

e I played a lozing game. *f* The choice. *g* Shot.
h Hatching-time.
i Be transported to America, and made a cow-herd.
k Belly. *l* Endure their abuse.

Some people tell me gin[m] I fa'
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for 't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest,
But now a rumour 's like to rise,
A whaup[n] 's i' the nest.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, Oct. 21, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie![o]
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?[p]
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie[q]
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you ay as weel 's I want ye,
And then ye 'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron[r] south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tald mysel', by word o' mouth,
He 'd tak my letter!
I lippen'd[s] to the chiel[t] in trouth
And bade nae better.

But aiblins[u] honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
An' tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear[w] on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier?[x]
I 'm turn'd a guager—peace be here!

m If. *n* Curlew. *o* Proud. *p* Cheerful. *q* Short journey.
r Mr. Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and of various other works. *s* Depended. *t* Fellow.
u Perhaps. *w* Learning. *x* Friend

Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye 'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me

Ye glaiket,[y] gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin'[z] streamies,
Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee[a] laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;[b]
Ye ken yoursel my heart right proud is,
I needna vaunt,
But I 'll sned[c] besoms—thraw saugh woodies,[d]
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I 'm weary sick o't late and air![e]
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles[f] do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I 'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

y Inattentive. *z* Meandering. *a* Little.
b Food and raiment. *c* Lop, or cut.
d Twist willow ropes. *e* Late and early. *f* Sometimes.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Luckie
I wat[g] she is a daintie chuckie,
As e'er tread clay!
An' gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I 'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

Dumfries, 1796.

MY honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your int'rest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel[h]
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

O what a cantie[i] warl were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve;
(And ay a rowth[k] roast-beef and claret,
Syne[l] wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker[m]
I 've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans[n] by a rattan,[o]
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut[p] on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne,[q] whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on,
's aff like fire.

g Know. *h* To climb. *i* Cheerful. *k* Plenty.
l Then. *m* Unsteady. *n* The cat. *o* A rat.
p To get hold of. *q* Then.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;[r]
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes[s] by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks[t] wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker[u] treasure.

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie![w] in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning[x] laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting[y] drivil,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quit my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil!
Amen! Amen!

TO A TAYLOR,

In answer to an Epistle which he had sent to the author.*

What ails ye now, ye lousie b—ch,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?

r Mad, or off our guard. *s* To buzz.
t Literally, itches. Some persons manifest a high degree of pleasure by a quick motion of the elbow. *u* Sure.
w Topsy-turvy. *x* Grinning hideously. *y* Drawling.
* This answer to a trimming letter, is omitted in Dr. Currie's edition of the Poems, published for the benefit of the Author's family; not because he had any doubt that the verses were written by Burns, but because he was of opinion that they were discreditable to his memory—and for the same reason, the editor and commentator, in this edition, has forborne to elucidate what he deems already sufficiently indelicate.

Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin 's bauld,
I did na suffer half sae much
Frae daddie Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
An' jag the flae.

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life with grief
An' bluidy rants
An' yet he 's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I 'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie 's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garrin lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
How I did wi' the Session sort—
Auld Clinkum, at the inner port,
Cry'd three times, 'Robin!
Come hither lad, an' answer for 't,
Ye 're blam'd for jobbin'!'

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—

I made an open, fair confession,
I scorn to lie;
And syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me;
'But what the matter,'
Quo' I, 'I fear, unless ye geld me,
I 'll ne'er be better'

'Geld you!' quo' he, 'and whatfore no?
If that your right-hand, leg, or toe,
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
You shou'd remember
To cut it aff, an' whatfore no
Your dearest member?'

'Na, na, quo' I, 'I 'm no for that,
Gelding 's nae better than 'tis ca't,
I'd rather suffer for my faut
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw 't!
Tho' I should rue it

'Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I 've just ae ither,
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I 'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it!'

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
And therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said, 'Gude night,' and cam awa,'
An' left the Session;
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression.

THE INVENTORY,

In answer to a mandate by Mr. Aikin, Surveyor of the Taxes.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,[a]
To which I 'm clear to gie my aith.[b]

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.[c]
My han'-afore,[d] a guid auld has been,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
My han'-ahin[e] 's a weel gaun[f] fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,[g]
An' your auld burro', monie a time,
In days when riding was nae crime.
But ance when in my wooing pride,
I, like a blockhead boost[h] to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat[i] to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins and that too!)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,[k]
She 's a' be-devil'd wi' the spavie.[l]
My fur-ahin's[m] a wordy[n] beast,
As e'er in tug or tow[o] was trac'd.
The fourth 's a Highland Donald hastie,
A damn'd red-wud[p] Kilburnie blastie;[q]
Forbye[r] a cowte[s] o' cowtes the wale,[t]
As ever ran afore a tail.
An' he be spar'd to be a beast,
He 'll draw me fifteen pun'[u] at least.

a Tackle. *b* Oath. *c* A plough-staff.
d The fore-horse on the left hand in the plough.
e The hindmost horse on the same side. *f* Going.
g Kilmarnock. *h* Must needs. *i* Put.
k Trick, frolic. *l* Spavin.
m The hindmost horse on the right hand in the plough.
n Worthy. *o* Rope. *p* Stark mad.
q A term of contempt. *r* Besides. *s* A colt.
t Choice. *u* Pounds.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly[w] new;
Ae auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams[x] are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
And my auld mither brunt the trin'le.[y]

For men, I 've three mischievous boys,
Run[z] deils for rantin' an' for noise;
A gaudsman[a] ane, a thrasher t' other;
Wee Davock hauds the nowte in fother.[b]
I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
And aften labour them completely;
An' ay on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the Questions tairge[c] them tightly,
Till, faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,[d]
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
He 'll screed[e] you aff *Effectual Calling*,
As fast as onie in the dwalling.

I 've nane in female servan' station,
(Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation!)
I hae nae wife—and that my bliss is,
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
An' then if Kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the devils daur na touch me.

Wi' weans[f] I 'm mair than weel contented
Heav'n sent me ane mae[g] than I wanted.
My sonsie,[h] smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace;
But her my bonnie, sweet wee lady,
I 've paid enough for her already,

w Partly, nearly. *x* Handles.
y Burnt the wheel. *z* Right down.
a The boy who drives the horses in the plough.
b Little David fothers the black cattle. *c* Examine.
d Sharp, ready. *e* To repeat any thing fluently.
f Children. *g* One more.
h Having a sweet engaging countenance.

An' gin[i] ye tax her or her mither,
B' the Lord! ye 'se get them a' thegither.

And now remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I 'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I 'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie[k] mair;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I 'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
My travel, a' on foot I 'll shank it,
I 've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.
The Kirk an' you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat;[l]
Sae dinna put me in your buke
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.
This list, wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
Day and date as under notit,
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, Feb. 22, 1786.

TO J—S T—T, GL—NC—R.

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
How 's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r?
How do you this blae eastlin' wind,
That 's like to blaw a body blind?
For me my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd.[m]
I 've sent you here, by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought and wrangl'd,
An' meikle[n] Greek an' Latin mangl'd,
Till wi' their logic jargon tir'd,
An' in the depth of science mir'd,

i If. *k* Filly, or mare. *l* Pot. *m* Impotent. *n* Much.

To common sense they now appeal,
What wives and wabsters[o] see an' feel:
But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Peruse them an' return them quickly;
For now I 'm grown sae cursed douce,[p]
I pray an' ponder butt[q] the house;
My shins, my lane,[r] I there sit roasting,
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
Till by an' by, if I haud[s] on,
I 'll grunt a real gospel groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,[t]
When, by the gun, she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale[u] of honest men;
When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him:
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.[w]

My auld school-fellow, preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason Billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he 's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-an'-forty years thegither!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I 'm tauld he offers very fairly.
And Lord remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next my auld acquaintance Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;

o Weavers. *p* Sober. *q* The country kitchen.
r Myself alone. *s* Hold. *t* Magpie.
u Choice. *w* Riches.

An' her kind stars hae airted[x] till her
A guid chiel[y] wi' a pickle siller.[z]
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate and sister Janet;
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they 'll aiblins[a] find them fashious:[b]
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink.
Now fare you weel, an' joy be wi' you,
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye 'll find him just an honest man;
Sae I conclude and quit my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

TO A GENTLEMAN

Who had sent him a Newspaper and offered to continue it free of expense.

Ellisland, 1790.

KIND Sir, I 've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This monie a day I 've grain'd[c] and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drumlie[d] Dutch were doing;
That vile doup-skelper,[e] Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;

x Moved to her; an allusion to the wind shifting to a particular quarter. *y* Good fellow.
z A quantity of silver. *a* Perhaps. *b* Troublesome.
c Groaned. *d* Muddy. *e* One who strikes the tail.

Or how the collieshangie[f] works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or, if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt;[g]
If Denmark, any body spak o't!
Or Poland, wha had now the tack[h] o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin',[i]
How libbet[k] Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court keep up the game;
How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit[l] Chatham Will[m] was livin',
Or glaiket[n] Charlie[o] gat his nieve[p] in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';[q]
How cesses, stents,[r] and fees were rax'd,[s]
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughtlins douce,[t]
And no a perfect kintra cooser:[u]
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

f Quarrelling. *g* Twelfth.
h The guiding, or governing of it.
i Hanging. *k* Castrated. *l* Slender.
m William Pitt, son of the Earl of Chatham.
n Thoughtless, giddy. *o* The celebrated Charles James Fox.
p The fist. *q* Yoked. *r* Tribute, dues.
s Stretched, increased. *t* Wiser. *u* Country stallion.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

[A Dedication.]

Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin',[x] fleth'rin',[y] dedication,
To roose[z] you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye 're surnam'd like His Grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I 'm tired—and sae are ye,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stopt short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun[a] do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou';[b]
For me! sae laigh[c] I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
And when I downa[d] yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an' that 's nae flatt'rin',
It 's just sic Poet an' sic Patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp[e] him,
He may do weel for a' he 's done yet,
But only he 's no just begun yet.

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He 's just nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What 's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Aught he can lend he 'll no refus't,
Till aft his goodness is abus'd:

x Supplicating. y Flattering. z To praise.
a Must. b Bellyful. c Low. d Cannot.
e To strike.

And rascals whyles that him do wrang,
E'en that he does not mind it lang;
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It 's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature:
Ye 'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild of Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he 's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It 's no thro' terror of damnation:
It 's just a carnal inclination.

Morality! thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a winnock[f] frae a whore,
But point the rake that takes the door;
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,[g]
And haud their noses to the grunstane;[h]
Ply every art o' legal thieving;
No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves,[i] an' lang wry faces,
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I 'll warrant then, ye 're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
For gumlie[k] dubs[l] of your ain delvin'!

f Window. *g* A hard rock stone. *h* Grindstone.
i Hands. *k* Muddy. *l* A small pond.

Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye 'll some day squeel[m] in quakin' terror !
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath ;
When Ruin with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him :
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !
  Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist[n] forgat my dedication !
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.
  So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft[o] vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to You ;
Because (ye needna tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.
  Then patronise them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that 's a word I needna say :
For prayin' I hae little skill o 't ;
I 'm baith dead-sweer[p] an' wretched ill o 't ;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir :—
  ' May ne'er misfortune's growling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk !
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart :
May Kennedy's far-honour'd fame,
Lang beet[q] his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
Five bonnie lasses round their table

m Scream. *n* Almost.
o Foolish. *p* Averse. *q* Add fuel to.

And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,[r]
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad mournful rites bestow!'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear,
If, friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother!

TO THE SAME.

(Recommending a boy.)

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,

r Great grand-child.

Alias, Laird M'Gaun,[s]
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han':[t]
But lest he learn the callan[u] tricks,
As faith I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld crummie's[w] nicks,
An' tellin' lies about them;
As lieve[x] then I 'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,[y]
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say 't, he 's gleg[z] enough,
An' bout a house that 's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' you, he 'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I hae na ony fear.
Ye 'll catechise him every quirk,
An' shore[a] him weel wi' hell;
An' gar him follow to the kirk——
—Ay when ye gang yoursel.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday,
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gien,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm;
To try to get the twa to gree,[b]
An' name the airles[c] an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form:

s Master Tootie then lived in Mauchline; a dealer in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.—He was an artful, trick-contriving character; hence he is called a *snick-drawer*. In the Poet's 'Address to the Deil,' he styles that august personage an *auld, snick-drawing* dog!—Reliques, p. 397.
t Off hand. *u* Boy. *w* Old cow. *x* Rather.
y Serve. *z* Sharp. *a* Threaten.
b Agree. *c* Earnest money.

I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him ;
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he 's sure to get him.
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns :
The prayer still, you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRA.

When Nature her great master-piece design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.
Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
Plain, plodding industry, and sober worth :
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genius take their birth.
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net :
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish, philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physics, politics, and deep divines :
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.
The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounced it very good ;
But here she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery *ignis fatuus* matter ;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to shew it)

She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends;
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.
  But honest Nature is not quite a Turk;
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work;
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard-tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great—
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
  Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah! that the friendly e'er should want a friend!
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—
We own they 're prudent; but who feels they 're good?
  Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye who the god-like pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!

Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Come thou who giv'st with all the courtier's grace:
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half-afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But groveling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front:
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen-pence a-week I've liv'd before.
Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift:
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
That placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO THE SAME.

Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest:)

Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery hearkening to her tale)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?
  Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
  But oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.
  Critics! appall'd, I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.
  His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;

His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.
O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober, selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder some folks do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When Disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disast'rous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that fools are Fortune's care.
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n or vaulted hell.
I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,

And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down;
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

TO THE SAME,

On receiving a Favour.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

TO MRS. DUNLOP,

On New-Year's Day.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.
The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.

Will you (the Major 's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila 's fair Rachel's care to-day,[d]
And blooming Keith 's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow,
(That grand-child's cap will do to-morrow)
And join with me a-moralizing?
This day 's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver?
'Another year is gone for ever.'
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
'The passing moment 's all we rest on!'
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night.
Since, then, my honour'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends;
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those that never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,

d This young lady was drawing a picture of Coila, from the 'Vision.'

A sight pale envy to convulse),
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

TO THE SAME.

On Sensibility.

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley;
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.[e]

May, 1786.

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento.
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye 'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,

[e] Mr. A. A. Aikin, now of Liverpool, the son of Robert Aikin, Esq.

Ye 'll find mankind an unco[f] squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end 's attain'd;
And a' your views may come to nought.
When every nerve is strain'd.

I 'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:[g]
But, och! mankind are unco[h] weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wav'ring balance shake,
It 's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life,
They equally may answer:
A man may hae a honest heart,
Tho' poortith[i] hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Ay free aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom cronie:
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to onie.
Conceal yoursel as weel 's ye can,
Frae critical dissection;
But keek[k] thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe[l] o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it:

f Uncouth, untoward.
g Restricted. In the use of this word, in common with many other English words, Burns has perhaps taken more than a poet's liberty with the orthography, in order to accommodate his rhyme.
h Very. *i* Poverty. *k* Peep into, or scrutinize. *l* Flame.

But never tempt th' illicit rove,
  Tho' naething should divulge it:
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
  The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
  And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
  Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
  That 's justified by honour:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
  To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,[m]
  Let ay that be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
  Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
  Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
  Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
  And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
  Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
  For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
  Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
  It may be little minded:
But when on life we 're tempest driv'n,

m Pinch.

A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble anchor.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser!
And may you better reck the rede,[n]
Than ever did th' adviser!

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

Enclosing a copy of Holy Willie's Prayer, which he had requested.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

While at the stook[o] the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin'[p] show'r,
Or in gulravage[q] rinnin' scow'r,
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie[r] now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, kintra[s] bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse h-ll upon me.

n Take heed, or pay due attention to good advice.
o Shock of corn. *p* Pelting. *q* Riotous merriment.
r Frighted. *s* Country.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-prood faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
Their raxin'[t] conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor[u] their nonsense.

There 's Gaun,[w] miska't[x] waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
Wha sae abus't him;
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they 've use't him?

See him,[y] the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed;
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,[z]
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?[a]

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I 'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I 'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I ev'n the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be,
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

A honest man may like a glass,
A honest man may like a lass,

t Stretching. *u* Worse than.
w Gavin Hamilton, Esq. *x* Miscalled.
y The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into he dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.
z Fellows. *a* Idle talkers.

But mean revenge, an' malice fause,[b]
He 'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth ;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what ? to gie their malice skouth[c]
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin streight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee ;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotcht an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those,
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite of undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr, my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbytereal bound
A candid, lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

b False. *c* Scope.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd ;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;
An' some by whom your doctrine s blam'd
(Which gies you honour),
Even, Sir, by them your heart 's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I 've been,
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

TO MR. M'ADAM, OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

In answer to an obliging Letter he sent in the Commencement of my Poetic Career.

Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud ;
See wha takes notice o' the bard,
I lap[d] and cry'd fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million ;
I 'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I 'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan !

'Twas noble, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection ;
A great man's smile ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy !
On my ain legs thro' dirt an' dub,
I independent stand ay.—

Did leep.

And when those legs to guid, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee[e] dyke[f]-side, a sybow[g]-tail,
And barley-scone[h] shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers![i]
And bless your bonnie lasses baith,[k]
I 'm tald they 're loosome kimmers![l]

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country!

TO TERRAUGHTY,[m] ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran chief;
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sybil leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,[n]
Scarce quite half worn.—

This day thou metes three-score eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka poet),
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow,
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure.[o]—

e Shaded, or grassy. *f* Wall. *g* A sort of leek.
h Cake. *i* Summers. *k* Both. *l* Lovely girls.
m Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfries. *n* Proof.
o Brimstone dust.

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie[p] fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie![q] Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil he daur na steer[r] ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist[s] my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

Your news and review, Sir, I 've read through and
With little admiring or blaming; [through, Sir,
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; [hewers,
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I 'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is, to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

TO MR. MITCHELL,

Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796.

Friend of the poet, tried and leal,[t]
Wha wanting thee, might beg or steal;

p Loving. *q* Clever fellow.
Dare not molest. *s* Next. *t* Staunch, faithful.

Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' [u] jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain[w] wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie[x] down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,[y]
I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin',[z]
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale[a] design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye 've heard this while how I 've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,[b]
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap[c] a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.[d]

But by that health, I 've got a share o 't,
And by that life, I 'm promis'd mair o 't,
My hale and weel[e] I 'll take a care o 't
A tentier[f] way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o 't,
For ance and ay.

u Tripping.
x The girl. *y* Beats.
a Whole. *b* A jacket.
e Health and welfare.
w Very desirous.
z The place of milking.
c Leaped. *d* Corner.
f More cautious.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

The friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray);
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,

After her marriage, with a Present of a copy of his Poems.

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship!—'tis all cold duty now allows:—

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him (he asks no more),
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

TO MISS LOGAN,

With Beattie's Poems, as a New-year's Gift.

Jan. 1, 1787.

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
  Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
  An Edwin still to you.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Miss Jessy Lewars, Dumfries; with a Present of Books.

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer—
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

With a Present of Songs.

Here, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
  In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
  Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
  Discordant, jar thy bosom chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
  Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song:

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
  As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
  And heav'n-born piety her sanction seals.

TO A LADY,

With a Present of a Pair of Drinking-Glasses.

FAIR empress of the Poet's soul,
  And queen of Poetesses—
Clarinda, take this little boon,
  This humble pair of glasses.—

And fill them high with generous juice,
  As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
  'The whole of human kind!'

'To those who love us!'—second fill;
  But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!
  A third—'To thee and me, love!'

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A very Young Lady, with a Present of a Book.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
  May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;

Thou amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth!

TO A LADY,

Whom the Author had often celebrated under the name of Chloris, with a Present of a Copy of his Poems.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few:

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower):

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest
Those joys could he improve.

TO MRS. SCOTT, OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,

In answer to an Epistle which she had sent the Author.

March, 1787.

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,[g]
And first could thresh the barn;
Or haud[h] a yokin' at the pleugh;
An' though forfoughten[i] sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn!
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave[k] ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass;
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw,[l]
Wi' clavers[m] an' haivers,[n]
Wearing the day awa:

Ev'n then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,[o]
I turn'd the weedin'-heuk[p] aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear;
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but[q] blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,

g Bashful. *h* Hold. *i* Fatigued. *k* Others.
l Sheaves of corn in rows. *m* Idle stories.
n Nonsense. *o* Barley. *p* Hook. *q* Without.

Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that har'st[r] I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie[s] quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky[t] een,
That gart[u] my heart-strings tingle!
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,[w]
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

Hale[x] to the set, ilk guid chiel[y] says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common;
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul[z] o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs,[a] who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither;
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye 're connected with her.
Ye 're wae men, ye 're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn or byre,[b]
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line,
The marled[c] plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
'T wad please me to the nine.

r Harvest.
s Having sweet engaging looks. *t* Sly.
u Made, or forced. *w* Peep. *x* Health.
y Good fellow. *z* Soul. *a* Stupid, sullen fellows.
b Cow-stable. *c* Variegated.

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,[d]
Douse hinging o'er my curple,[e]
Than onie ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa':
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan[f] ca'.

R. BURNS.

SATIRES.

THE HOLY FAIR.[g]

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget shew'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

Hypocrisy a-la-Mode.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller[h] air.
The rising sun owre Galston[i] muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin';[k]
The hares were hirplin'[l] down the furs,[m]
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glow'r'd[n] abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,

d Mantle. *e* Decently hanging over my loins.
f A seat of turf outside a cottage door.
g Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion. *h* Fresh.
i The name of a parish adjoining Mauchline. *k* Peeping.
l Creeping. *m* Furrows. *n* Looked.

Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin'[o] up the way;
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart[p] lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,[q]
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;[r]
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as onie slaes;[s]
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,[t]
As light as onie lammie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I 'm sure I 've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' she, and laughin' as she spak,
An' taks me by the hands,
'Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck[u]
Of a' the ten commands
A screed[w] some day.

'My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that 's Hypocrisy.
I 'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin':[x]
Gin ye 'll go there, yon runkled[y] pair,
We will get famous laughin'
At them this day.'

o Walking. *p* Grey. *q* Went a little aloof.
r Clothes. *s* Sloes. *t* Hop, step and jump.
u The greater part. *w* A rent, or tear.
x Merriment. *y* Wrinkled.

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I 'll do 't;
I 'll get my Sunday's sark[z] on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith we's hae fine remarkin'!
Then I gaed[a] hame at crowdie-time,[b]
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a weary body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash,[c] in riding graith,[d]
Gaed hoddin'[e] by their cotters;
There, swankies[f] young, in braw braid claith,
Are springing o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin'[g] bare-fit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk-cheese, in monie a whang,[h]
An' farls[i] bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glow'r[k] Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun[l] draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin',
Some carrying deals, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bleth'rin'[m]
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra gentry,
There, racer Jess, an' twa-three[n] w—s,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin'[o] jads,

z Shirt. *a* Went. *b* Breakfast time.
c Talkative. *d* Accoutrements.
e The motion of a sage countryman riding a cart-horse.
f A tight strapping young fellow. *g* Walking barefoot.
h A large, thick slice. *i* A cake of bread. *k* Look.
l Must. *m* Talking idly. *n* A few. *o* Whispering.

Wi' heavin' breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch of wabster[p] lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd[q] his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,[r]
Wi' screw'd-up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang[s] winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

O happy is that man and blest!
(Nae wonder that it pride him!)
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him!
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An' 's loof[t] upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For ***** speels[u] the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' *damnation*.[w]
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The very sight o' *****'s face,
To 's ain het[x] hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'!

p A weaver. *q* Defiled. *r* A sample. *s* Busy. *t* Palm of the hand. *u* To climb.

w This word was originally printed *salvation*. The present reading was adopted in the Edinburgh edition, at the suggestion of Dr. Blair, by which the wit of the verse is undoubtedly improved. *x* Hot home.

Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
  He 's stampin' an' he 's jumpin'!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
  His eldritch squeel[y] and gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
  Like cantharidian plasters,
  On sic a day!

But, hark! the tent[z] has chang'd its voice;
  There 's peace an' rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise,
  They canna sit for anger!
***** opens out his cauld harangues,
  On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
  To gie the jars an' barrels
  A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
  Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style an' gestures fine
  Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
  Or some auld Pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
  But ne'er a word o' faith in
  That 's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
  Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For *******, frae the water-fit,[a]
  Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he 's got the word o' God,
  An' meek an' mim[b] has view'd it,
While *Common Sense* has taen the road,
  An' aff an' up the Cowgate,[c]
  Fast, fast, that day.

y Frightful scream. *z* A field pulpit.
a Water-foot. *b* Prim. *c* A street so called.

Wee ****** niest[d] the guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,[e]
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie[f] wants a manse,[g]
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit and sense
Like hafflins-ways[h] o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now, butt an' ben[i] the change-house[k] fills,
Wi' yill-caup[l] commentators:
Here 's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint stowp[m] clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' logic and wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me[n] on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college:
It kindles wit, it waukens lear,[o]
It pangs us fou[p] o' knowledge.
Be 't whisky gill[q] or penny wheep,[r]
Or onie stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle[s] up our notion
By night or day.

The lads an' lasses blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,[t]

d Next. *e* To rattle nonsense. *f* A clever fellow.
g The parsonage-house where the minister lives.
h Partly, nearly half. *i* Kitchen and parlour.
k Country inn, or ale-house. *l* Ale-cup. *m* Pint-pot.
n A phrase of endearment. *o* Learning. *p* Crams us full.
q A gill of whisky. *r* Small beer. *s* Tickle.
t Look, appearance.

They 're making observations ;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,[u]
An' forming assignations,
To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,[w]
Till a' the hills are rairin',[x]
An' echoes back return the shouts :
Black ****** is nae spairin' :
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow ;
His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow[y]
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,[z]
Whase raging flame an' scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whunstane ![a]
The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snoring
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill,[b]
When they were a' dismist :
How drink gaed round in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches ;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Were dealt about in lunches
An' dawds[c] that day.

In comes a gaucie,[d] gash[e] guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,

u Snug in a corner. *w* The blast of a trumpet.
x Roaring. *y* Shakspeare's Hamlet.
z Flaming brimstone.
a The hard rock found in the Ayrshire quarries.
b Ale. *c* Large pieces. *d* Jolly. *e* Sagacious.

Syne[f] draws her kebbuck[g] an' her knife
  The lasses they are shyer.
The auld guidmen, about the *grace*,
  Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
  An' gies them 't like a tether,
                Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks[h] for him that gets nae lass,
  Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
  Or melvie[i] his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel
  How bonnie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,[k]
  Let lasses be affronted
                On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell,[l] wi' rattlin' tow,[m]
  Begins to jow an' croon;[n]
Some swagger hame the best they dow,[o]
  Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps[p] the billies[q] halt a blink,[r]
  Till lasses slip their shoon:
Wi' faith and hope, an' love an' drink,
  They 're a' in famous tune
                For cracks[s] that day.

How monie hearts this day converts
  O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
  As saft as onie flesh is.
There 's some are fou[t] o' love divine;
  There 's some are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,

f Then. *g* Cheese. *h* Alas! *i* To soil with meal.
k The heel of cheese. *l* Who rings the church-bell.
m Rope. *n* The motion of ringing, and sound of the bell.
o As well as they can. *p* Gates. *q* Young men.
r A little time. *s* Talk. *t* Full.

May end in houghmagandie[u]
Some ither day.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the mob, they hide the little giv'n.

Kilmarnock wabsters,[w] fidge an' claw,[x]
An' pour your creshie[y] nations;
An' ye wha leather rax[z] an' draw,
Of a' denominations—
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,[a]
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder,[b]
But O ****** aft made her yell,
An' Russel sair misca'd her;
This day M'Kinlay taks the flail,
An' he 's the boy will blaud[c] her;
He 'll clap a shangan[d] on her tail,
An' set the bairns[e] to daub her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt[f] wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl[g] up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stour,[h]
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her;
For Heresy is in her pow'r,

u Fornication. *w* Weavers. *x* Scratch. *y* Greasy.
z Stretch.—An allusion to shoemakers. *a* Row.
b Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the Laigh Kirk.
c To slap, or strike.
d A cleft stick, sometimes mischievously fastened to the tail of a dog. *e* Children. *f* To sing.
g To shriek, or cry aloud. *h* Dust.

And gloriously she 'll whang[i] her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham[k] leugh[l] at his dad,
Which made Canaan a niger ;[m]
Or Phineas[n] drove the murdering blade,
Wi' w—e-abhorring rigour ;
Or Zipporah,[o] the scauldin'[p] jade,
Was like a bluidy[q] tiger
I' th' inn that day.

There, try his metal on the creed,
And bind him down, wi' caution,
That stipend is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion ;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression ;
Especial rams, that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin' ;
Spare them nae day.

Now auld Kilmarnock cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty ;[r]
Nae mair thou 'lt rowte[s] out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture 's scanty ;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail[t]
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
And runts[u] o' grace the pick and wale,[w]
No gien by way o' dainty,
But ilka[x] day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we 'll weep,
To think upon our Zion ;
And hing[y] our fiddles up to sleep,

i To give the strappado.
k Gen. ix. 22. *l* Did laugh. *m* A negro.
n Numb. xxv. 8. *o* Exod. iv. 25. *p* Scolding.
q Bloody. *r* Merrily. *s* Roar, bellow.
t Colewort. *u* The stems of colewort, or cabbage.
w Choice. *x* Every. *y* Hang.

Like baby-clouts a-dryin' :
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,[z]
And o'er the thairms[a] be tryin' ;
O rare ! to see our elbucks[b] wheep,[c]
An' a' like lamb-tails flying
Fu' fast this day !

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,[d]
Has shor'd[e] the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,[f]
Has proven to its ruin :
Our Patron, honest man ! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin' ;
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He 's wal'd[g] us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

Now R******* harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab[h] for ever :
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they 'll think you clever :
Or, nae reflection on your lear,[i]
Ye may commence a shaver ;
Or to the Netherton repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

M***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones :
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons ;[k]
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons .
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

z Chirp. *a* Fiddle-strings. *b* Elbows. *c* Move nimbly.
d Iron. *e* Offered, or attempted. *f* Distressed.
g Picked. *h* Shut your mouth. *i* Learning. *k* A cat.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingin'[m] thro' the city:
Hark! how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it 's unco[n] pretty:
There, Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
An' Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie[o]
Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel,
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell
Between his twa companions!
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,[p]
As ane were peeling onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come, bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'Kinlay, Russel, are the boys,
That Heresy can torture;
They 'll gie her on a rape[q] a hoyse,[r]
And cowe[s] her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin[t] in;
And here 's, for a conclusion,
To every *new-light*[u] mother's son,
From this time forth, confusion;
If mair they deave[w] us wi' their din,
Or patronage intrusion,

l Foes. *m* Whipping. *n* Very.
o James Beattie, LL. D., author of 'The Minstrel,' 'Evidences of the Christian Religion,' &c.
p The flesh immediately under the skin. *q* Rope.
r Hoist. *s* To lop, or cut off. *t* An English pint.
u See note, p. 176. *w* To deafen.

We 'll light a spunk,[w] and every skin,
We 'll rin[x] them aff in fusion
Like oil some day.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

Or the Rigidly Righteous.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither ;*
The rigid Righteous is a fool,
The rigid Wise anither :
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight†
May hae some pyles o' caff‡ in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin'.§
Solomon.—Eccles. vii. 17.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye 've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly !
Whase life is like a weel-gaun[c] mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's[d] ebbing still,
And still the clap[e] plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce[f] Wisdom's door
For glaikit[g] Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie[h] tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,[i]
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ ?
Discount what scant occasion gave,

w A fire. *x* Run. * Always together.
† Cleaned from chaff. ‡ Grains of chaff. § Merriment.
c Well-going. *d* Heaped hopper. *e* Clapper of a mill.
f Sober. *g* Thoughtless. *h* Unlucky. *i* Exchange.

That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair then a' the lave[k])
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith[l] to sail,
It maks an unco[m] lee-way.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they 're grown
Debauchery and drinking :
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or, your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye 're aiblins[n] nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin'[o] wrang ;
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

k All the rest. *l* Both. *m* Awkward. *n* Perhaps.
o A little, a small matter.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What 's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what 's *resisted*.

THE TWA HERDS.*

The 'Twa Herds' were Mr. Moodie, minister of Riccarton, and Mr. John Russel, then minister of Kilmarnock, and afterwards of Stirling.

O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep ye frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,[p]
Or wha will tent the waifs[q] and crocks,[r]
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
O, dool[s] to tell!
Hae had a bitter, black outcast[t]
Atween themsel.

O M'Kinlay, man; and wordy[u] Russel,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye 'll see how *new-light* herds will whistle,
And think it fine?
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,[w]
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,

* 'This is the first of my poetic offspring that saw the light. *Burns' Letters.*

p Dogs.
q Strayed, and not yet claimed.
r Ewes too old for breeding.
s Sorrowful.
t Quarrel.
u Worthy.
w To twist, to twine.

Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,[x]
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M'Kinlay's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,[y]
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank—
O sic a feast!

The thummart[z] wil'-cat, brock[a] and tod,[b]
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russel tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin[c] they were sick or hale,[d]
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And *new-light* herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burnin' dub,[e]
Or heave them in.

Sic twa!—O, do I live to see 't?
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gien,[f]
While *new-light* herds, wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither 's liein'!

x Elected. *y* Pool of standing water. *z* Pole-cat.
a Badger. *b* Fox. *c* If. *d* Healthy.
e Pond. *f* Each other give.

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There 's D——n deep, and P——s shaul;[f]
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we 're beset,
There 's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,[g]
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M——e,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha 'll soundly buff our beef
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats amang oursel,
There 's S—h for ane,
I doubt he 's but a grey-nick quill,
An' that ye 'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cowe[h] the lairds,

f Shallow. *g* Much woe. *h* Frighten.

And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woodie dance,[i]
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France;
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
M'Q—'s pathetic manly sense,
And guid M'Math,[k]
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.[l]

Orthodox, Orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast,
Has been blawn in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac,[m] Dr. Mac,
You should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense
Upon onie pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin';
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orator Bob[n] is its ruin.

i Dance in a rope, *i. e.* be hanged. *k* See page 210.
l This poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay. *m* Dr. M'Gill. *n* Robert Aiken.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Tho' your heart 's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three 's ane and twa.

Rumble John,[o] Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle,[p]
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James,[q] Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There 's a holier chase in your view;
I 'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye 'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there 's but few.

Signet Sawney,[r] Signet Sawney,
Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,[s] Daddy Auld,
There 's a tod[t] in your fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith,[u]
Ye 'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,[x] Davie Bluster,
If for a saint ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;

o Mr. Russel. p Putrid water. q Mr. M'Kinlay.
r Mr. M——y. s Mr. A—d. t Fox. u Harm.
x Mr. G——t of O—l—e.

Yet to worth let 's be just,
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose,[y] Jamie Goose,
Ye hae made but toom roose,[z]
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the doctor 's your mark,
For the Lord's holy ark,
He has cooper'd and caw'd[a] a wrang pin in 't.

Poet Willie,[b] Poet Willie,
Gie the doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side
Ye ne'er laid a-stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he s—t.

Andro Gouk,[c] Andro Gouk,
Ye may slander the book,
And the book nane the waur,[d] let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big,
But lay by hat and wig,
And ye 'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,[e] Barr Steenie,
What mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye 'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence
To havins[f] and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side,[g] Irvine Side,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share:
Ye 've the figure, 'tis true,
Ev'n your foes will allow,
And your friends, they dare grant you nae mair.

y Mr. Y—g of C—n—k. *z* Empty praise. *a* Driven.
b Mr. P—b—s of Ayr. *c* Dr. A. M—ll.
d None the worse. *e* S—n Y—g of B—r.
f Good manners. *g* Mr. S——h of G—n.

Muirland Jock,[h] Muirland Jock,
When the Lord makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit,
There 's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor doctor at once.

Holy Will,[i] Holy Will,
There was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer[k] is scant
When ye 're taen for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape[l] for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be pouther[m] enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gypsie,
E'en tho' she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur[n] than we are.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.[o]

O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They 've done afore thee!

h Mr. S——d. *i* An Elder in M——e. *k* Timber.
l Rope. *m* Powder. *n* Worse.
o 'Holy Willie's Prayer is a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote; but, unfortunately, cast in a form most daringly profane.'—*Sir Walter Scott, Quarterly Review, vol.* 1, *p.* 22.

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation?
I, wha deserve such just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Where damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I 'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an' example
To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin' there and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma':
For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I 'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

O Lord! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague
To my dishonour,
An' I 'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;
But, Lord, that Friday I was fou,
When I came near her,
Or else thou kens thy servant true
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he 's sae gifted;
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gavin Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
Wi' grit an' sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes!

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare,
Upo' their heads;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongu'd [p] Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
An' p—d wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin' lips an' snakin',
Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him;
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay,
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has taen some other way,
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure 's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he 's as black 's the grun,
Observe wha 's standing wi' him.

p Having readiness of speech.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
  Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a-wee,
  Till ance you 've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
  For pity ye have nane;
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
  And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
  Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
  If it were kent ye did it.

THE CALF.

TO THE REVEREND MR. ——,

On his text, Malachi iv. 2.—'And they shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall.'

RIGHT, Sir! your text I 'll prove it true,
  Tho' heretics may laugh;
For instance, there 's yoursel just now,
  God knows, an unco[q] calf!

And should some patron be so kind,
  As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir, but then we 'll find
  Ye 're still as great a stirk![r]

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
  Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly power,
  You e'er should be a stot![s]

Tho', when some kind, connubial dear,
  Your butt-and-ben[t] adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
  A noble head of horns!

q A very calf. r A yearling bullock. s An ox.
t The country kitchen and parlour.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,[u]
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the nowte![w]

And when ye 're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous bullock!'

TO A LOUSE.

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin'[x] ferlie?[y]
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt[z] rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho', faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,[a]
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How dare you set your fit[b] upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith,[c] in some beggar's haffet[d] squattle;[e]
There ye may creep, and sprawl and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin' cattle
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils,[f] snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've get on it,

u To bellow. *w* Black cattle. *x* Crawling.
y A term of contempt. *z* To walk sturdily.
a A contemptuous appellation. *b* Feet *c* Get away.
d The side of the head. *e* To sprawl. *f* Trimmings.

The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;[g]
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,[h]
Or fell, red smeddum,[i]
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum![k]

I wad na be surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;[l]
Or aiblins[m] some bit duddie[n] boy,
On's wyliecoat;[o]
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
How dare ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread![p]
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae[q] winks and finger-ends I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. —— OF ——.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,

g Gooseberry. *h* Rosin. *i* Powder.
k Breech. *l* An ancient head-dress. *m* Perhaps.
n Ragged *o* A flannel vest. *p* Abroad. *q* Those.

Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes—unpitied and unblest!
She goes—but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

MONODY,

On a Lady famed for her caprice.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd!
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd!
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd!

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear;
But come all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We 'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We 'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We 'll sculpture the marble, we 'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from her ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam;
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ELEGIES

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO.

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely, from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shewn,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart now sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

Of Glen-Riddel, April, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:

How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier:
The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer
Is in his narrow house for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
The inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistl'd in the rocky cave.

Lone, as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;[r]
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well,[s]
Or mould'ring ruins mark'd the sacred fane;[t]

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye;

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The light'ning of her eye in tears imbued.

r The King's Park, at Holyrood-house.
s St. Anthony's Well. t St. Anthony's Chapel.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
  Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
  And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world:

'My patriot Son fills an untimely grave!'
  With accents wild and lifted arms she cried—
'Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
  Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!

'A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
  The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping Arts surround their Patron's bier,
  And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh.

'I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
  I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But, ah! how hope is born but to expire!
  Relentless Fate has laid this Guardian low.

'My patriot falls—and shall he lie unsung,
  While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
  And future ages hear his growing fame.

'And I will join a mother's tender cares,
  Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs.'—
  She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

Brother to a Young Lady, a particular friend of the Author's.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
  And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
  From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
  The morning rose may blow;

But cold, successive noontide blasts
  May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
  The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
  Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
  That Nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
  And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence alone
  Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
  To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
  And fear no with'ring blast,
There Isabella's spotless worth
  Shall happy be at last.

ELEGY ON

CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A Gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God!

But now his radiant course is run,
  For Matthew's course was bright:
His soul was like the glorious sun,
  A matchless, heavenly light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The muckle Devil wi' a woodie[u]
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,[w]
  O'er hurcheon[x] hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie[y]
  Wi' thy auld sides!

u A halter. *w* Smithy. *x* Hedgehog.
y An anvil.—An allusion is here had to the beating of dried stock-fish, to make them tender.

He 's gane! he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,[z]
That proudly cock your cresting cairns![a]
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,[b]
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,[c]
My wailing numbers!

Mourn ilka grove the cushat[d] kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies,[e] wimplin'[f] down your glens,
Wi' todlin'[g] din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,[h]
Frae linn to linn![i]

Mourn, little narebells owre the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs!

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins,[k] whiddin'[l] thro' the glade,
Come, join my wail!

z Stars. *a* A heap of stones piled up in the form of a cone.
b Eagles—they are here called 'sailing yearns,' in allusion to their flying without that motion of the wings which is common to most other birds. *c* Children. *d* The dove, or wood-pigeon.
e Rivulets. *f* Meandering. *g* Wimpling.
h To rear as a horse. *i* A water-fall. *k* Hares.
l Running as a hare.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;[m]
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring[n] paitrick brood;
He 's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair[o] for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks,[p] at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay!
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae[q] far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets,[r] frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch[s] tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the weary midnight hour
Till waukrife[t] morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my cantie[u] strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow!

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk[w] cowslip cup shall kep[x] a tear:

m Cloud.
n The noise made by the wings of a covey of partridges.
o To roar.
p Birds called in England landrails, in Scotland corn-craiks.
q Those. *r* Owls. *s* Ghastly.
t The waking hour. *u* Cheerful. *w* Each. *x* Catch.

Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up his head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For thro' your orbs he 's taen[y] his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story 's brief;
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

y Taken.

If tnou uncommon merit hast,
  Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
  For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
  That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
  For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
  Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
  For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca',[z]
  Wad[a] life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',[b]
  For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
  Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
  For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
  And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie,[c] dam and sire,
  For Matthew was a queer man.

If onie whiggish, whingin'[d] sot,
  To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool[e] and sorrow be his lot,
  For Matthew was a rare man

z Call. *a* Would. *b* Fall.
c Brother. *d* Fretful. *e* Lamentation.

TAM SAMSON'S[f] ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope.*

HAS auld K********* seen the Deil?
Or great M*******[g] thrawn[h] his heel?
Or R*******[i] again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
'Na, waur[k] than a'!' cries ilka[l] chiel,
'Tam Samson 's dead!'

K********* lang may grunt and grane,
An' sigh, an sab, an' greet her lane,[m]
An' cleed her bairns,[n] man, wife, an' wean,[o]
In mourning weed;
To death she 's dearly paid the kane,[p]
'Tam Samson 's dead!

The brethren of the mystic level,
May hing[q] their head in wofu' bevel,[r]
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like onie bead;
Death 's gien the lodge an unco devel;[s]
Tam Samson 's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;
When to the lochs[t] the curlers[u] flock,

f When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

g A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the Ordination, stanza II. *h* Sprained.

i Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza IX.

k Worse. *l* Every.
m Weep alone. *n* Clothe her children.
o A young child. *p* Rent, paid in fowls.
q Hang. *r* In sorrowful posture.
s An awkward blow. *t* A large pond, or sheet of water.

u Those who play at the game of curling.—Curling is a game of high celebrity in Scotland, and in some degree resembles the game of coits, or bowls.—An iron pin, called a cock, is driven into the ice as a mark, at which heavy pieces of stone (with an iron handle fixed in the upper part, and having a flat and smooth surface at the bottom, so as to glide on the ice) are hurled.—The party who lodge their stones nearest to the cock, are the victors.

Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha wil they station at the cock?[w]
Tam Samson 's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick[x] a bore,
Or up the rink[y] like Jehu roar
In time o' need;
But now he lags on death's hog-score,[z]
Tam Samson 's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont[a] sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds[b] for greed,[c]
Since dark in death's fish-creel[d] we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks[e] a';
Ye cootie[f] muircocks crousely craw;[g]
Ye maukins,[h] cock your fud fu' braw,[i]
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson 's dead!

That waefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shootin' graith[k] adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson 's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;

w The winning place in curling.
x To strike a stone in an oblique direction.
y The course of the stones at the game of curling.
z A kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*.
a Salmon. *b* Pike. *c* Greediness.
d Fish-basket. *e* Partridges.
f Birds which have feathers on the legs are said to be cootie.
g Crow courageously. *h* Hares.
i Cock your tail handsomely. *k* Accoutrements.

In vain the burns[l] came down like waters
An acre braid![m]
Now every auld wife, greetin'[n] clatters,
'Tam Samson 's dead!'

Owre many a weary hag[o] he limpit[p]
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;[q]
Now he proclaims, wi' tout[r] o' trumpet,
'Tam Samson 's dead!'

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
'Lord, five![s] he cry'd, and owre did stagger;
Tam Samson 's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
'Tam Samson 's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs[t] her nest,
To hatch an' breed;
Alas! nae mair he 'll them molest!
Tam Samson 's dead

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave

l Rivulets. *m* Broad. *n* Crying.
o A scar or gulf in mosses or moors.
p Limped, or hobbled. *q* Feud, enmity. *r* Blast.
s An exclamation at finding he had killed five birds.
t Builds.

O' pouther an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
'Tam Samson 's dead!'

Heav'n rest his saul, where'er it be!
Is the wish o' monie mae[u] than me;
He had twa faults, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?[w]
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson 's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye 'll mend or ye win[x] near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go Fame, and canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,[y]
Tell every social, honest billie[z]
To cease his grievin',
For yet, unskaith'd[a] by Death's gleg gullie,[b]
Tam Samson 's livin'.

ON A SCOTTISH BARD,

Gone to the West Indies.

A' ye wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,[c]
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie 's gien[d] us a' the jink,[e]
An' owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random splore,[f]

u Many more. *w* Remedy. *x* Get.
y Kilmarnock. *z* Honest fellow. *a* Unhurt.
b Sharp knife. *c* Rhymes, doggrel verses.
d Given. *e* A dodge. *f* A frolic.

Nae mair he 'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he 's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss[g] him,
And in their dear petitions place him;
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they 'll sairly miss him,
That 's owre the sea.

O Fortune! they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,[h]
Wha can do nought but fyke[i] an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg[k] as onie wumble,[l]
That 's owre the sea.

Auld cantie Kyle[m] may weepers wear,
And stain them wi' the saut,[n] saut tear,
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders[o] flee;
He was her *laureate* monie a year
That 's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet[p] brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune s cummock,[q]
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,[r]
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;

g Wish. *h* A blunderer. *i* Trifle. *k* Sharp, ready. *l* Wimble. *m* A district in Ayrshire. *n* Salt. *o* Broken pieces. *p* Jilt. *q* Rod, or staff. *r* Raw meal and water.

So, row'd[s] his hurdies[t] in a hammock,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin',
Yet coin his pouches[u] wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free;
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That 's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap[w] him in a cozie biel:[x]
Ye 'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That 's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;[y]
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonniely!
I 'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,[z]
Tho' owre the sea.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

January 1, 1789.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflect,
A towmont,[a] sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint[b] a head,
And my auld teethless Bawtie 's[c] dead;

s Rolled, wrapped. *t* Loins, or backside. *u* Pockets
w To wrap, to cover. *x* Snug shelter.
y Ill-natured, malicious. *z* Dimin. of Gill.
a Twelvemonth. *b* Lost. *c* Name for a dog.

The toolzie's[d] teugh[e] 'tween Pitt and Fox,
An' our gudewife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's dour,[f] has nae sic breedin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.[g]

Ye ministers, come mount the pulpit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' rupit;[h]
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
And gied[i] you a' baith gear[k] an' meal;
E'en monie a plack,[l] an' monie a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck![m]

Ye bonnie lasses dight[n] your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien':
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was taen
What ye 'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt[o] an' sheep,
How dowff[p] an' dowie[q] now they creep;
Nay, ev'n the yirth[r] itself does cry,
For E'nbrugh wells are grutten[s] dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou 's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care!
Thou now hast got thy daddie's chair;
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, half-shackl'd regent,
But, like himsel', a full, free agent.
Be sure to follow out the plan
Nae waur[t] than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

d Quarrel. *e* Obstinate. *f* Inflexible, unbending.
g Dunghill. *h* Hoarse.
i Gave. *k* Goods, effects.
l An old coin, the third part of a Scotch penny.
m Value, or consideration. *n* Wipe.
o Black cattle. *p* Pithless. *q* Worn with grief.
r Earth. *s* Wept. *t* Worse.

ELEGY ON THE

DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX.[u]

Now Robin lies in his last lair,[w]
He 'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert[x] care,
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht[y] him;
Except the moment that they crusht him;
For sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em,
Tho' e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
An' thought it sport.—

Though he was bred to kintra[z] wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,[a]
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,[b]
Ye roos'd him then!

ELEGY ON THE

DEATH OF PEG NICHOLSON,

A favourite Mare belonging to Mr. W. Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh—the 'Willie' that 'brew'd a Peck o' Maut.'

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
As ever trode on airn;[c]
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
An' past the Mouth o' Cairn.[d]

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' rode thro' thick an' thin;

u Ruisseaux—a play on his own name.
w A place for lying down. *x* Cross, ill-conditioned.
y Troubled. *z* Country. *a* Strong, powerful.
b Learned and clever.
c Iron. *d* A tributary stream of the Nith.

But now she 's floating down the Nith,
An' wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' ance she bare[e] a priest;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' the priest he rode her sair;
An' meikle[f] oppress'd an' bruised she was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

EPIGRAM

On Elphinstone's translation of Martial's Epigrams.

O thou whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

EXTEMPORE, WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET BOOK.

Grant me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give:
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

VERSES

Written on the windows of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.

The grey-beard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

e Did bear. *f* Much.

. . . . . .

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at hame I 'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty;
I 'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty.

. . . . . .

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, 'Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.'

EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN GROSE.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cry'd Satan, 'By G—d,
I 'll want 'im ere I take such a damnable load!'[f]

EXTEMPORE,

In answer to an invitation to spend an hour at a Tavern.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I 'll be wi' you by and bye;
Or else the Deil 's be in it.

f Mr. Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself, with the greatest good humour, on the singular rotundity of his figure. This Epigram, written by Burns in a moment of festivity, was so much relished by the antiquarian, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth to a very late hour.

EPIGRAM

[Burns, accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary at a time when some company were there on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, finding himself entirely neglected by the inn-keeper, whose attention was occupied by the visitors of his Grace, expressed his disapprobation of the incivility with which they were treated in the following lines.]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he comes to wait upon
The Lord, their God, his Grace.

There 's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger.

A VERSE

Presented, by the Author, on taking leave, to the Master of a House in the Highlands, by whom he had been hospitably entertained.

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In heaven itself, I 'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

THE TOAST.

Written with a diamond pencil on a glass tumbler, and presented to Miss Jessy Lewars, now Mrs. Thomson, Dumfries; a deservedly great favourite of the Poet's, and a kind and soothing friend to Mrs. Burns at the time of his death.]

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast, a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

EPITAPH ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

[The same Lady complaining of some slight indisposition, Burns told her he should take care to have an Epitaph ready for her in case of the worst, which he likewise wrote on a glass tumbler, to make a pair with the other, as follows :]

Say, sages, what 's the charm on earth,
Can turn Death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

ON HER RECOVERY.

But rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky,
Yet still one Seraph 's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

TO THE SAME.

About the end of May, 1796, the Surgeon who attended Burns in his last illness, happened to call on him at the same time with Miss Jessy Lewars. In the course of conversation Mr. Brown mentioned, that he had been to see a collection of wild beasts just arrived in Dumfries. By way of aiding his description, he took the advertisement (containing a list of the animals to be exhibited) from his pocket. As he was about to hand it to Miss Lewars, the Poet took it out of his hand, and with some red ink standing beside him, wrote on the back of the advertisement the following lines.

Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not ev'n to view the heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight.

LINES

Written on the back of a Bank Note.

Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief ;
For lack o' thee I 've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.

I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy curs'd restriction.
I 've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil :
And for thy potence vainly wish'd,
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

Kyle. R. B.

LINES ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

Oh ! had each Scot of ancient times,
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

LINES

On being asked, why God had made Miss Davies so little, and Mrs. *** so large.

Written on a pane of glass in the Inn at Moffat.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite ?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

LINES

Written under the picture of the celebrated Miss Burns.

Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—*confess ;*
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less.

LINES

Written and presented to Mrs. Kemble, on seeing her in the character of Yarico.

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ;

At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

Dumfries Theatre, 1794.

LINES

Written on a window at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries.

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers.
What premiers, what? even Monarchs' mighty guagers:
Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wisemen;
What are they, pray? but spiritual Excisemen.

VERSES

Written on a window of the Inn at Carron.

We cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang[g] to hell,
It may be nae surprise:

But when we tirl'd[h] at your door,
Your porter dought na[i] hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts[k] come,
Your billy[l] Satan sair[m] us!

TO DR. MAXWELL,

On Miss Jessy Staig's Recovery.

Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny—
You save fair Jessy from the grave!
An angel could not die.

g Go. *h* Knocked. *i* Was unable to.
k Gates. *l* Brother. *m* Serve.

EPIGRAM ON A

HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

O Death! hadst thou but spar'd his life,
Whom we this day lament;
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,[n]
The swap[o] we yet will do't;
Tak you the carlin's[p] carcase aff,
Thou 'se get the saul to boot.

ANOTHER.

One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he 'd shewn her,
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the powder.
But Queen N*******, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence,
Not to shew her respect, but—to save the expense.

A TOAST

[At a meeting of the Dumfries-shire Volunteers, held to commemorate the Anniversary of Rodney's Victory, April 12, 1782; Burns was called upon for a song, instead of which he delivered the following lines *extempore*.]

Instead of a song, boys, I 'll give you a toast—
Here 's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heav'n that we found,
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I 'll give you the King,
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;

n Grave. *o* Exchange. *p* Stout old woman.

And here 's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution ;
And longer with politics, not to be cramm'd,
Be anarchy curs'd, and be tyranny d—d !
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

IMPROMPTU

On Mrs. R——'s birth-day, 4th Nov. 1793.

Old Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd :
' What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe ?
My cheerless sons no pleasure know ;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow :
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.
' Now, Jove, for once, be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil ;
Give me, and I 've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day !
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me.'
' 'Tis done !' says Jove ;—so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.[q]

Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade every [throng,
With Cracken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

q At this period of our Poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the above foolish verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the ' Loyal Natives' of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he instantly endorsed the subjoined reply.—*Reliques*, p. 108.

BURNS—EXTEMPORE.

Ye true 'Loyal Natives,' attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt;
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt!

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION

On being appointed to the Excise.

Searching auld wives' barrels,
Och, ho! the day!
That clarty barm[r] should stain my laurels,
But—what 'll ye say?
These muvin's[s] things ca'd wives and weans
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes!

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD G.

What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, G——, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou G——,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

Bright ran thy line, O G——,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

r Dirty yest. s Moving.

TO THE SAME,

On the Author being threatened with his Resentment.

SPARE me thy vengeance G——,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune.—*Gillicrankie.*

LORD A—TE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation mist,
His argument he tint[t] it;
He gap'd for 't, he grap'd for 't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ER—NE.

COLLECTED Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Like torrents owre a linn,[w] man;
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. B——'S VERY LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny,
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

t Lost. *w* Waterfall.

EXTEMPORE,

On the late Mr. William Smellie, Author of the Philosophy of Natural History, and Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.

To Crochallan came
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days till shaving night;
His uncomb'd grizly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

EXTEMPORE, TO MR. SYME,[w]

On refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of company, and the first of cookery; 17th Dec. 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first of the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. S**E,

With a Present of a dozen of Porter.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for S**e were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. J. RANKINE,

While he occupied the farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.

AE day, as Death, that grusome carl,[x]
Was driving to the tither warl',[y]
A mixtie-maxtie[z] motley squad,
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad;

w An intimate friend of the Poet's, with whom he made a very pleasant tour over the counties of Kirkcudbright and Galloway, in July and August, 1793.
x Grim old man. *y* Other world. *z* Confusedly mixed.

Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles[a] in a halter;
Asham'd himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches:
'By God, I 'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual corps present them,
Without at least ae honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan.'
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
'Lord God!' quoth he, 'I have it now;
There 's just the man I want, i' faith;'
And quickly stopped Rankine's breath.

LINES WRITTEN BY BURNS,

While on his death-bed, to John Rankine, and forwarded to him immediately after the Poet's death.

He who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'[b]

a Swings. b Goldsmith.

INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1750.—Died 16th October, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
'No storied urn nor animated bust,'
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre[c] fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate[d] to seek, owre proud to snool,[e]
Let him draw near;
And owre[f] this grassy heap sing dool,[g]
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

c Too. d Bashful. e To submit tamely, to sneak.
f Over. g To lament, to mourn.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend,—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole.
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
Is wisdom's root.

ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or d——d!

ON W. NICHOL.

Ye maggots, feed on Nichol's brain,
For few sic feasts you 've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nichol's heart,
For deil a bit o 't 's rotten.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

Lament him Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;

For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread you lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father!

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
(A case that 's still too common,)
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
The Devil rul'd the woman.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death! it 's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch,
Into thy dark dominion!

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here souter Will in death does sleep;
To hell, if he 's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He 'll haud it weel thegither.

ON JOHN DOVE, INN-KEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

Here lies Johnnie Pidgeon—
What was his religion,
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnnie Pidgeon had nane.
Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori*;
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet *wee* Johnnie.

WHOE ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnnie!
And here his *body* lies fu' low—
For *saul* he ne'er had onie!

ON J——Y B——Y, WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies J——y B——y, *honest man!*
Cheat him, Devil, if *you can.*

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS,

Who desired Burns to write one on him.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were
If ever he rise it will be to be *d—d.* [shamm'd,

ON A SCHOOL MASTER IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

HERE lie Willie M—hie's banes,
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin'[h] of your weans;[i]
For clever Deils he 'll mak 'em!

FOR MR. GABRIEL RICHARDSON,

Brewer, Dumfries: (but who, much to the satisfaction of his friends, has not yet needed one, 1819.)

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He 's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink
In upright honest morals.

ON WALTER S——.

SIC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms e'en d—d him
When laid in his grave.

h Educating. i Children.

In his flesh there 's a famine,
A starv'd reptile cries;
And his heart is rank poison,
Another replies.

ON A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

'I am delighted,' says Burns to Mr. Thomson, 'with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air 'Hey tuttie tattie,' may rank among this number; but well I know that, with Frazer's hautboy, it has filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.'

Tune.—*Hey tuttie tattie.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham[k] Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

k Whom.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die![1]

THE SAME.

As altered, at the suggestion of Mr. Thomson, to suit the air of 'Lewie Gordon.'

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

[1] This verse is chiefly borrowed from Blind Barry's Wallace:
'A false usurper sinks in every foe,
And Liberty returns with every blow.'

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

AULD LANG SYNE

Burns gave this song to the public as a production of the 'olden time;' but it was afterward discovered to be his own.

'Auld Lang Syne' owes all its attractions, if it owes not its origin, to the muse of Burns. So exquisitely has the poet eked out the old with the new, that it would puzzle a very profound antiquary to separate the ancient from the modern Songs of Scotland.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'!
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans[n] fine;
But we 've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paidl't[o] i' the burn,[p]
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fier,[q]
And gie 's a haud o' thine;
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught,[r]
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stowp,
As sure as I 'll be mine;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

DAINTY DAVIE.

[t] 'Dainty Davie' is the title of an old song from which Burns has taken nothing but the name and the measure.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I 'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

n Wild daisies. o To wade, or walk in the water.
p Rivulet. q Friend r Liberal draught.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I 'll flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that 's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, daintie Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE

'September, 1793. I have this moment finished the song for Oran Gaoil, so you have it glowing from the mint. If it suit you, well!—if not, 'tis also well.'—*Burns to Thomson.*

Tune.—*Oran Gaoil.*

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I 'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
'E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.'

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry

Across the rolling, dashing roar
I 'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I 'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be;
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me?

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

'I enclose you the music of 'Fee him Father,' with two verses, which I composed at the time in which Patie Allan's mither died, that was about the back o' midnight, and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the hautbois and the music.'—*Burns to Thomson.*

Tune.—*Fee him Father.*

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever,
Thou last left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever,
Now thou 'st left thy lass for ay—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I 'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken,
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking,
Soon my weary een I 'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken.

FAIR JENNY.[w]

Tune.—*Saw ye my Father?*

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

w Written for Mr. Thomson's Collection, to whom the poet

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair ;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer 's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near ?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I 'll seek in my wo.

DELUDED SWAIN, &c.

In a letter to Mr. Thomson, enclosing this song, Burns quaintly calls it 'an old Bacchanal.' It is, however, well known to be one of his own.

Tune.—*The Collier's Dochter.*

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O ! art thou not ashamed,
To doat upon a feature ?

thus speaks concerning it. "I have finished my song to 'Saw ye my Father !' and in English, as you will see. There is a syllable too much for the expression of the air, but the mere dividing of a dotted crotchet into a crotchet and a quaver, is no great matter. Of the poetry, I speak with confidence ; but the music is a business where I hint my ideas with the utmost diffidence."

If man thou wouldst be named,
  Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
  Good claret set before thee;
Hold on till thou art mellow,
  And then to bed in glory.

TO ANNA.

Written on the 'Anna' of the song beginning—
'Yestreen I had a pint o' wine.'

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
  And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
  When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
  To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
  So much in sight of Heav'n.

ANNA.

Burns considered this to be the best love song he ever composed. The Postscript, which former Editors have suppressed, is here restored.

Tune.—*Banks of Banna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
  A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
  The raven locks of Anna:
The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
  Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my honey bliss
  Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
  Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me within my straining grasp
  The melting form of Anna.

Then I 'll despise imperial charms,
  An empress or sultana :
While dying raptures in her arms,
  I give and take wi' Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day !
  Awa, thou pale Diana !
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
  When I 'm to meet my Anna !
Come in thy raven plumage, night ;
  Sun, moon, and stars, withdraw a' !
And bring an angel pen, to write
  My transports wi' my Anna.

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join, and tell
  To do such things I mauna :
The kirk and state may gae to h-ll,
  And I 'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
  To live but her[z] I canna ;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
  The first should be my Anna.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

One of our Poet's earliest productions.—*J. G. Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

Tune.—*Corn rigs are bonnie.*

It was upon a Lammas night,
  When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
  I held awa' to Annie :
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
  Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
  To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
  The moon was shining clearly ;

z Without her.

I set her down wi' right good will
  Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
  I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
  Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
  Her heart was beating rarely!
My blessings on that happy place
  Amang the rigs o' barley.
But by the moon and stars sae bright,
  That shone that hour sae clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
  Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
  I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gathering gear;
  I hae been happy thinking;
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
  Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a'
  Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs an' barley rigs,
  And corn rigs are bonnie;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
  Amang the rigs wi' Annie

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

The lady, in honour of whose blue eyes this fine song was written, was Miss Jeffrey, of Lochmaben, now (1825) residing at New York, in America—a wife and a mother.—*Allan Cunningham.*

Tune.—*The blathrie o't.*

I GAED[c] a waefu' gate[d] yestreen,
  A gate, I fear, I 'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
  Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

c Went. *d* Way, manner, road.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew—
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,[e]
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
And aye the stound,[f] the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She 'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Tune.—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

This song was written during a visit of the Poet at Ochtertyre with Sir William Murray. The lady, whom it celebrates, and who was there at the time, was Miss Euphemia Murray, of Lentrose. She was called, by way of eminence, the Flower of Strathmore. The chorus is from an old song of the same measure.

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;[g]
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenturit glen

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,[h]
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;[i]
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

e Beguiled.
f A shooting pain.
g The country kitchen and parlour.
h Oak.
i A small wood.

Her bonnie face, it was as meek
As onie lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink of Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I 've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

DECEMBER NIGHT.

This song was first printed in Johnson's 'Musical Museum.' 'The contrast of the first and last verses,' says an eminent Critic and Poet, 'is very great, yet very natural. The Poet imagines himself warmed with wine, and seated among his companions, to whom he announces, as the glass goes round, the attractions of his mistress, and his good fortune in her affections. His confidence goes no farther;—the name of his love is not to be told; and for this poetical tyranny there is no remedy.'

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk[1] night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.
And dear was she, &c.

And here 's to them, that like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here 's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that 's good watch o'er them;
And here 's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here 's to them, &c.

[1] Dark.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

'This song I composed on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co.'s Bank, Edinburgh.'—*Burns' Reliques.*

Tune.—*Neil Gow's Lament for Abercairney.*

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in the shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes:
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd—
When first I felt their power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

TAM GLEN.

Burns submitted this song to several of his friends as a lyric of the olden time, and heard it praised before he acknowledged it his own. The old 'Tam Glen,' however, has assisted both in the conception and expression of the *new.*

Tune.—*The mucking o' Geordie's byre.*

MY heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,[o]
Some counsel unto me come len';[p]
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I 'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith[q] I might mak a fen':[r]
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna[s] marry Tam Glen?

o A female confidante. *p* Lend. *q* Poverty.
r Fend—to live comfortably. *s* Must not.

There 's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
'Gude day to you, brute,' he comes ben :[t]
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie[u] does constantly deave[w] me,
And bids me beware o' young men :
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin[x] I 'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder[y] marks ten ;
But, if it 's ordain'd I maun[z] take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen,[a] at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten ;[b]
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, 'Tam Glen !'

The last Halloween I was waukin'[c]
My droukit[d] sark[e]-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Some counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;
I 'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif[f] ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

First published in the Reliques, from a copy communicated to the editor, by R. Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel.

Young Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa ;
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,[g]
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha' !

t Into the parlour. *u* Mother. *w* To deafen.
x If. *y* An hundred. *z* Must. *a* Yesternight.
b To rise or rear like a horse. *c* Stiffening, or thickening.
d Wet. *e* Shirt. *f* If.
g Plough.

He roos'd[i] my een sae bonnie blue,
  He roos'd my waist sae genty[k] sma';
And ay my heart came to my mou,[l]
  When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
  Thro' wind and sleet, thro' frost and snaw;
And o'er the lee[m] I look fu' fain
  When Jockey's owsen[n] hameward ca'.[o]
And ay the night comes round again,
  When in his arms he taks me a';
And ay he vows he 'll be my ain
  As lang 's he has a breath to draw.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Tune.—*Liggeram cosh.*

'Liggeram cosh' is a delightful air. I have become such an enthusiast about it, that I have made a song for it, which I think is not in my worst manner.—*Letter to Mr. Thomson.*

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
  As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
  As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae langer sport and play,
  Mirth or sang can please me;
Leslie is sae fair and coy,
  Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
  Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I do nocht but glow'r,
  Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
  In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass green sod
  Soon maun be my dwelling.

i Praised. *k* Elegantly formed. *l* Mouth.
m Grass fields. *n* Oxen. *o* Drive.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

In the first volume of a collection, entitled 'Poetry, Original and Selected,' published by Brash and Reid, of Glasgow, in 1801, this song is inserted, with four additional stanzas, said to be by Robert Burns. Of these *additional* stanzas, Dr. Currie says, 'Every reader of discernment will see they are by an inferior hand.'

John Anderson, my jo,[r] John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;[s]
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,[t]
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie[u] day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

OLD AGE.

'This song,' says Allan Cunningham, 'has never been a favourite. Youth wishes to enjoy the golden time upon its hands, and age is far from fond of chanting of declining strength, white pows, and general listlessness.'

Tune.—*The death of the Linnet.*

But lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoiced the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa;
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

r Sweetheart. *s* Smooth *t* Grey hairs. *u* Cheerful.

But my white pow,[y] nae kindly thowe[z]
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild,[a] but buss or bield,[b]
Sinks in time's wint'ry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain:
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

MARY MORRISON.

'Mary Morrison,' says Burns in a letter to Thomson, 'is one of my juvenile works. I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits or demerits.' All his critics and commentators, however, agree in thinking it one of the best songs he ever wrote.

Tune.—*Bide ye yet.*

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted[d] hour;
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bid the stoure,[e]
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morrison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed round the lighted ha',[f]
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair and that was braw,[g]
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morrison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?

y Head. *z* Thaw. *a* Old age. *b* Without shelter.
d Appointed. *e* Dust in motion. *f* Hall. *g* Fine.

If love for love thou wilt na gie,[h]
At least be pity to me shewn;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morrison.

SWEETEST MAY.

Altered from Allan Ramsay's song:—
'There 's my thumb, I 'll ne'er beguile thee.'
Tea Table Miscellany, vol. i. p. 70.

Sweetest May, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy but the bonnie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

LOVELY NANCY.

Burns frequently went to the Bible for some of his finest sentiments: the two lines
'Turn away these eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure,'
are almost the same as the following passage in the Song of Solomon, chap. vi. ver. 5. 'Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me.'

Tune.—*The Quaker's Wife.*

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away these eyes of love
Lest I die with pleasure.

h Give.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love 's the cloudless summer's sun,
Nature gay adorning.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Tune.—*My jo, Janet.*

This song was written for Mr. Thomson's collection. "Tell me," says Burns in a letter to that gentleman, dated December, 1793, "how you like my song to 'Jo, Janet.'"

SHE.

Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir,
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

HE.

One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?

SHE.

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I 'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so, good bye allegiance!

HE.

Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I 'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.

SHE.

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I 'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

HE.

I will hope and trust in Heaven,
  Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
  My spouse, Nancy.

SHE.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
  Still I 'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed,
  Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

HE.

I 'll wed another, like my dear
  Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
  My spouse, Nancy.

POORTITH CAULD.

This excellent song has never become popular, owing, perhaps, to the want of unity between the music and the verses—the air is lively, the words plaintive.

Tune.—*I had a horse.*

O POORTITH[n] cauld and restless love,
  Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
  An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

CHORUS.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
  It's pride, and a' the lave[o] o 't,
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
  That he should be the slave o 't.
    O why should Fate, &c.

n Poverty. o Rest.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her owre-word aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why should Fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why should Fate, &c

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles,[p] wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.[q]
O why should Fate, &c.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

On 'The Banks of Doon,' and near to each other, are the house in which the Poet was born, and the ruins of 'Alloway's auld haunted Kirk.'

Tune.—*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

p Hobgoblins. *q* Afraid.

BANKS O' BONNIE DOON.

The reader will perceive that the measure of this copy of the 'Banks an' Braes o' Bonnie Doon' differs considerably from the foregoing. The Poet was obliged to adapt his words to a particular air, and in so doing, he lost much of the simplicity and beauty which this original version of the song possesses.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume[s] so fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thoul' t break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause[t] luve[u] was true.

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sung,
An' wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
An' ilka[w] bird sang o' its luve,
An' sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd[x] a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw[y] the rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

DUNCAN GRAY.

This song has nothing in common with the old licentious ballad of the same name, but the first line and part of the third. The rest is original.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,[z]
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't:

s Bloom. *t* False. *u* Love. *w* Every.
x Did pull. *y* Did steal. *z* Drunk, or had been drinking.

Maggie coost[z] her head fu' heigh,[a]
Look'd asklent[b] and unco skeigh,[c]
Gart[d] poor Duncan stand abeigh;[e]
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.

Duncan fleech'd,[f] and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,[g]
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',[h]
Spak o' louping owre a linn;[i]
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.
Slighted love is sair to bide!
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.
'Shall I, like a fool,' quoth he,
'For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!'
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.

How it comes—let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings:
And oh, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.

z Cast, or carried.
a Full high. *b* Asquint. *c* Very proud.
d Made. *e* At a shy distance. *f* Entreated.
g A well-known rock in the frith of Clyde.
h Wept till his eyes were sore and dim.
i Talked of jumping over a precipice, or waterfall.

Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd[k] his wrath,
Now they 're crouse[l] and cantie[m] baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

'I wish Burns had written more of his songs in this lively and dramatic way. The enthusiastic affection of the maiden, and the suspicious care and antique wisdom of the "dame of wrinkled eild," animate and lengthen the song without making it tedious. "Robie" has indeed a faithful and eloquent mistress, who vindicates true love and poverty against all the insinuations of one whose speech is spiced with very pithy and biting proverbs.'
Allan Cunningham.

Tune.—*John, come kiss me now.*

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,[o]
And roses blaw in ilka bield ;[p]
Blythe Bessy in the milking shiel,[q]
Says, 'I 'll be wed, come o 't what will ;'
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,[r]
'O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

'It 's ye hae wooers monie ane,
And, lassie, ye 're but young, ye ken ;
Then wait a wee,[s] and cannie wale[t]
A routhie butt, a routhie ben :[u]
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It 's plenty beets[w] the lover's fire.'

'For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps[x] and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me :
But blythe 's the blink o' Robie's ee,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:

k Smothered. *l* Cheerful. *m* Gentle.
o The green field. *p* Every sheltered spot. *q* Shed.
r Old age. *s* Little. *t* Choose.
u Plentiful or well-stocked house. *w* Adds fuel to. *x* Crops.

Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.[y]

'O thoughtless lassie, life 's a faught;[z]
The canniest gate,[a] the strife is sair;[b]
But ay fu'-han't is fechtin' best,[c]
A hungry care 's an unco[d] care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne[e] as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'[f]

'O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome[g] love,
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?'

BESSY AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

Tune.—*Bottom of the Punch Bowl.*

Written for Johnson's 'Musical Museum.' The old song of the 'Lass and her Spinning Wheel,' though animated by love, must have suggested to Burns the idea of this eulogy to household thrift. It is a pity that there is now so little to do—in Scotland at least—for 'spinning wheels.'

O LEEZE me[i] on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,[k]
And haps me fiel[l] and warm at e'en!
I 'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh[m] descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

y Wealth. *z* Fight. *a* Gentlest manner. *b* Sore.
c 'Tis always best to fight full-handed.
d Strange, or very great. *e* Since. *f* Ale. *g* Pleasant.
i A phrase of attachment. *k* Clothes me plentifully.
l Covers me soft. *m* Low.

On ilka[n] hand the burnies[o] trot,
And meet below my theekit[p] cot;
The scented birk[q] and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;[r]
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,[s]
Where blythe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks[t] the cushats[u] wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites[w] in the hazel braes,[x]
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik[y] amang the claver[z] hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,[a]
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,[b]
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon[c] distress, below envy,
O wha would leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

BONNIE JEAN.

The heroine of this ballad was Miss M. of Dumfries. She is not painted in the rank which she held in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

n Every. *o* Rivulets. *p* Thatched. *q* Birch-tree.
r Cool. *s* Shade. *t* Oaks. *u* Doves. *w* Linnets.
x The slope of a hill. *y* The landrail. *z* Clover.
a Pasture ground. *b* Shed. *c* Above.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
  And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
  Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
  That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
  And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
  The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
  And wanton naiges[t] nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,[u]
  He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
  Her heart was tint,[w] her peace was stown.

As in the bosom of the stream
  The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en,
So, trembling, pure, was tender love,
  Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
  And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
  Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeannie's heart loup[x] light,
  And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
  Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
  The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
  And whisper'd thus his tale of love:

'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
  O canst thou think to fancy me?

t Horses. *u* Fair. *w* Lost. *x* Leap.

Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farm wi' me?

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

This ballad is founded on an amour of Charles the Second, when sculking in the north, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. The lass that made the bed to him was a daughter of the house of Port Letham, where he was entertained. The old verses are greatly inferior to this improved version of the story.

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome[y] night did me enfauld,[z]
I knew nae where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, 'Young man, now sleep ye soun'.'

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;

y Darksome. *z* Enfold.

But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair[a] below my head.

A cod[b] she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

'Haud aff your hands, young man,' she says,
'And dinna sae uncivil be:
If ye hae onie love for me,
O wrang nae my virginitie!'

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa',
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, 'Alas! ye 've ruin'd me.'

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,[c]
While the tear stood twinklin' in her ee;
I said, 'My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks[d] to me:
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

a More. *b* A sort of pillow. *c* Then. *d* Shirts.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
  The braw lass made the bed to me:
I 'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
  The lass that made the bed to me!

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

This gentleman was an intimate friend and correspondent of the Poet's. One of the last letters he wrote, dated from Brow Sea-bathing Quarters, July 7, 1796, fourteen days before his death, was addressed to Mr. A. Cunningham.

Tune—*The Hopeless Lover.*

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
  And strew'd the lea wi' flowers:
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
  Rejoice in fostering showers:
While ilka thing in nature join
  Their sorrow to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
  The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling[f] burn
  Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
  Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
  That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
  Has scorch'd my fountain dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
  In yonder cliff that grows
(Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot
  Nae ruder visit knows),
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
  And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
  My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock[g] warbling springs,
  And climbs the early sky,

f Meandering. *g* Lark.

Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt[h] I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, 'Hope nae mair!'
What tongue his woes can tell?
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

The chorus of this song is old. 'The music,' says Burns, in his Remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads (Reliques), 'is in the true Scotch taste.'

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes[i] to the knowes,[k]
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis'[l] evening sang
Sounding Clouden's[m] woods amang;
Then a faulding[n] let us gang,[o]
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We 'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

h Heeded. *i* Ewes. *k* Small hillocks. *l* Thrush.
The river Clouden, a tributary stream to the Nith.
n Folding. *o* Go.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine, midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht[p] of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift[q] sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

BONNIE MARY.

In the notes to Johnson's Museum, Burns claims all this song as his composition, except the first four lines. It is written to the old melody, 'The silver tassie.'—The air is Oswald's.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;[s]
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier of Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law—
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;

p Nought. *q* Sky. *s* Cup.

The shouts o' war are heard afar,
  The battle closes thick and bloody:
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
  Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that 's heard afar,
  It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Tune.—*The Sutor's Dochter.*

'I like the music of the Sutor's Dochter; your verses to it are pretty.'—*Thomson to Burns.*

Wilt thou be my dearie?
  When sorrow rings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
  By the treasure of my soul,
And that 's the love I bear thee—
  I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
  Only thou, I swear and vow,
  Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
  Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me:
  If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me—
  Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
  Lassie, let me quickly die.
  Trusting that thou lo'es me.

WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O 'T.

First published in the Reliques, from a copy communicated to the editor by Mrs. Burns.

Tune.—*When more is meant than meets the ear.*

First when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;

Now we 're married—spier nae mair[w]—
Whistle owre the lave o 't.[x]
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
Wiser men than me 's beguil'd—
Whistle owre the lave o 't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle owre the lave o 't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see 't—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

The idea of this song is taken from the 'Auld Man's best Argument' of Allan Ramsay, beginning
'O wha 's that at my chamber door!
Fair widow, are ye waukin'?'

Wha is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay;
Then gae your gate,[z] ye 'se nae be here:
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What make ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye 'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

If I rise and let you in—
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye 'll keep me waukin'[a] wi' your din;[b]
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye 'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

w Ask no more. *x* Over the rest of it. *z* Way.
a Awake. *b* Noise.

Here this night if ye remain—
I 'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye 'll learn the gate[c] again—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

HONEST POVERTY.

A great critic (Dr. Aiken) on song says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed to be, I think, two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme.' In this manner Burns speaks of this witty, clever, masculine song.

Tune.—*For a' that and a' that.*

Is there, for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gowd[d] for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden[e] grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie[f] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof[g] for a' that;

c Road. d Gold. e Humble. f Fine fellow. g Blockhead.

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon[d] his might,
Guid faith he mauna[e] fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,[f] and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

CAPTAIN GROSE.

The following verses were written in an envelope, inclosing a letter to Captain Grose, to be left with Mr. Cardonnel, antiquarian.

Tune.—*Sir John Malcolm.*

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, & ago,
If he 's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo, & ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

d Above. *e* He must not try, or attempt that.
f The laurel, the victory.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, & ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abraham's bosom gane?
Igo, & ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him,
Igo, & ago,
As for the Deil, he daur na steers[g] him.
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo, & ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, & ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, & ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

This is the first song which Burns wrote for Mr. Thomson's collection. Dr. Currie supposes it to have been suggested to the Poet's fancy by the old song of the 'Ploughman,' beginning—

'My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften weet an' weary,
Cast aff the weet, put on the dry,
An' gae to bed my dearie.'

Tune.—*The Lea-rig.*

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time[h] is near, my jo;

g Dare not molest.
h The time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.

And owsen[i] frae the furrow'd field,
  Return sae dowf[k] and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
  Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I 'll meet thee on the lea-rig,[l]
  My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest[m] glen, at midnight hour,
  I 'd rove, and ne'er be eerie[n] O,
If thro' that glen I gaed[o] to thee,
  My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
  And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I 'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin'[p] grey,
  It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie O.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

This is one of the many songs which Burns wrote for the Museum, and an excellent song it is. The second verse is admirable, both in sentiment and expression.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art;
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

i Oxen. *k* Pithless. *l* Grassy ridge.
m Darkest. *n* Frighted. Went. *p* Twilight.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway?
Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

LORD GREGORY.

This song appears to have been suggested to the Poet's fancy, by the 'Lass of Lochroyan,' a very old ballad, a fragment of which will be found in Herd's collection, 1774. A copy of it still more enlarged has since been published in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.'

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,[q]
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
When first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine:
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And unty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
Oh! wilt thou give me rest?

q Shew.

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love
His wrangs to heaven and me.

FRAGMENT.

These are eight beautiful lines. They are too few to sing, too good to cast away, and too peculiar and happy ever to be eked out by a hand inferior to the hand of their Author. They will long continue a fragment.—*Cunningham's Scottish Songs.*

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O what a feast her bonnie mou!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner!

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

'I composed this song,' says Burns, 'out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world—Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life.'

Tune.—*Seventh of November.*

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet:
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live:

When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

JEANIE'S BOSOM.

This is an early composition. It was the first of the Poet's songs composed in praise of 'Bonnie Jean,' afterwards Mrs. Burns.

Tune.—*My mother's ay glow'ring owre me.*

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean:
Dyvor,[r] beggar louns[s] to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations swith[t] awa
Rief randies,[u] I disown ye!

WILLIE'S WIFE.

This song is founded on an old border ditty, beginning—

'Wille Wastle dwells in his castle,
An' nae a loun in a' the town
Can tak Willie Wastle doun.'

Tune.—*Tibbie Fowler in the glen.*

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster[w] guid
Cou'd stown[x] a clue wi' onie bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,[y]
O, tinkler[z] Madgie was her mither:

CHORUS.

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

r Bankrupt. *s* Ragamuffins. *t* Get away.
u Thievish queans. *w* Weaver.
x Stolen—supposed to allude to the dishonest practices of some weavers who purloin the yarn that is sent to the loom.
y Sullen and sallow. *z* A gipsey woman.

She has an ee, she has but ane,
  The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye[a] a stump,
  A clapper tongue wad deave[b] a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou,
  Her nose and chin they threaten ither:
    Sic a wife, &c.

She 's bow-hough'd[c], she 's hein-shinn'd,[d]
  Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed[e] shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
  To balance fair on ilka[f] quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
  The twin o' that upon her shouther:
    Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans[g] by the ingle[h] sits,
  And wi' her loof[i] her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
  She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;[k]
Her walie nieves[l] like midden-creels,[m]
  Her face wad fyle[n] the Logan water:
    Sic a wife, &c.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

'The Poet was accustomed to say that the most happy period of his life was the first winter he spent at Ellieslaud,—for the first time under a roof of his own—with his wife and children about him. It is known that he welcomed his wife to her rooftree at Ellieslaud in this song. —*Lockhart*.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
  I 'll partake wi' naebody;
I 'll tak cuckold frae nane,
  I 'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
  There—thanks to naebody;

a Besides.
b Deafen. *c* Knock-kneed. *d* Bony-shinned.
e Hand-breadth. *f* Every. *g* The cat. *h* Fire-place.
i Hand. *k* Cleans her mouth with a cushion.
l Large fists. *m* Dung-baskets. *n* Make dirty.

I hae naething to lend,
I 'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I 'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I 'll tak dunts[q] frae naebody.

I 'll be merry and free,
I 'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.

BONNIE WEE THING.

'Composed,' says Burns, 'on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies.'

Tune.—*The Lads of Saltcoats.*

CHORUS.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.[r]

WISHFULLY I look and languish,
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine:
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

q Blows. r Lose.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The poor and honest Sodger laid hold at once on public feeling, and it was every where sung with enthusiasm, which only began to abate when Campbell's Exile of Erin and Wounded Hussar were published.—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

Tune.—*The mill, mill, O.*

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I 'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted;
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood,
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O happy, happy may he be
That 's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I 've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;

I 've serv'd my king and country lang,
  Take pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
  And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, 'A sodger ance I lo'ed;
  Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
  Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
  Ye 're welcome for the sake o 't.'

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
  Syne pale like onie lily,
She sank within mine arms and cried,
  'Art thou my ain dear Willie?'
'By Him who made yon sun and sky,
  By whom true love 's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
  True lovers be rewarded!

'The wars are o'er, and I 'm come hame,
  And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear we 're rich in love,
  And mair we 'se ne'er be parted.'
Quo' she, 'My grandsire left me gowd,
  A mailen[u] plenish'd fairly:
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
  Thou 'rt welcome to it dearly!'

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
  The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
  The sodger's wealth his honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
  Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he 's his country's stay,
  In day and hour of danger.

u Farm.

LOGAN BRAES.

The title of this song, but nothing more, is taken from the old verses on Logan Water, beginning—

Ae simmer night, on Logan braes,
I help'd a bonnie lass on wi' her claes,
First wi' her stockings, an' syne wi' her shoon—
But she gied me the glaiks* when a' was done!

Air.—*Logan Water.*

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne[w] hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie 's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!

w Since then. * Jilted me.

How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

BY ALLAN STREAM, &c.

Of this song Burns says, 'I think it not in my worst style.' It has nothing in common with the Allan Water of Ramsay, in the Tea Table Miscellany, vol. 1. p. 86, but the title.

Tune.—*Allan Water.*

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi;[y]
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready;
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
'O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!'

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She sinking, said, 'I 'm thine for ever!'
While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring 's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheerly thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

y A mountain west of Strathallan, 3009 feet high.

SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

The fickleness of a lady of the name of Stewart occasioned this vigorous and emphatic song. The four concluding lines are quoted and highly praised in the Edinburgh Review for January, 1809.

SHE 's fair and fause[a] that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;[b]
She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof[c] came in with routh o' gear,[d]
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie[e] 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form 's faun[f] to thy share,
'Twad been owre meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

'She says she lo'es me best of a', is one of the pleasantest table songs I have seen, and henceforth shall be mine when the song is going round.'—*Thomson to Burns.*

Tune.—*Onagh's Water-fall.*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,

a False. *b* Much and long. *c* Blockhead.
d Plenty of wealth. *e* Wonder. *f* Fallen.

And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes her sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

LAMENT OF A MOTHER FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Burns in this song personifies Mrs. Ferguson of Craigdarroch, who lost her son, a promising youth of eighteen years of age. He composed it one morning, on horseback, after three o'clock, as he jogged on in the dark, from Nithsdale to Ellieslaud.

Tune.—*Finlayston House.*

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
  In dust dishonour'd laid;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
  My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
  Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
  Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I 've fear'd thy fatal blow,
  Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
  With him I love at rest!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

For an old and beautiful version of the 'Lass of Inverness,' see 'Harp of Caledonia,' vol. iii. p. 171.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
  Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries—'Alas!'
  And ay the saut tear blin's her ee:
'Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
  A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
  My father dear, and brethren three.

'Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
  Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
  That ever blest a woman's ee.
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
  A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
  That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.'

THE RAVING WINDS.

These verses were composed for Isabella M'Leod of Raza, as expressive of her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the Earl of Loudon, who shot himself in consequence of some mortifications he suffered, owing to the deranged state of his finances.

Tune.—*M'Grigor of Rero's Lament.*

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :—
'Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.
O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering ;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I 'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !'

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

'The Young Highland Rover,' is Prince Charles Stuart. Burns was always a Jacobite, but more so after his tour to the Highlands, when this song was composed.

Tune.—*Morag.*

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden :
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
  Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,[k]
The birdies dowie[l] moaning,
  Shall a' be blythely singing,
  And every flower be springing.
Sae I 'll rejoice the lee-lang[m] day,
  When by his mighty warden
My youth 's return'd to fair Strathspey
  And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Strathallan, it is presumed, was one of the followers of the young Chevalier, and is supposed, in the following verses, to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
  Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wint'ry swelling,
  Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
  Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
  Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
  Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
  But the Heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
  Not a hope that dare attend;
The wild world is all before us—
  But a world without a friend!

THE BANKS OF NITH.

A Fragment.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
  Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,

k Hanging. *l* Worn with grief. *m* Live-long.

Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Though mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brak my heart—
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

The last four lines of the second verse of this song has furnished Byron with a motto, and Scott has said that that motto is worth a thousand romances:

'Had we never lov'd sae kindly,' &c.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

Written for Johnson's Museum. This song has latterly been rendered popular by the musical talents of Miss Stephens.

Tune.—*Gilderoy.*

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.

FAIR ELIZA.

'The bonnie brucket lassie,' to the music of which this superior song is composed, was written by an eccentric character, who was well known in Edinburgh about forty years ago by the name of 'Balloon Tytler.' He also wrote the popular song, of 'Loch Erroch Side.'

Tune—*The bonnie brucket lassie.*

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow!

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

THOUGH CRUEL FATE, &c.

This beautiful Fragment is an early composition.

Though cruel Fate should bid us part,
As far 's the Pole and Line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Burns composed these verses in early life, before he was at all known in the world. The object of his affection was Mary Campbell, a native of the Highlands. The deep impression which she made on his mind can hardly be inferred from this song. From those which follow, however, we can more readily imagine the intense interest which she excited in his bosom.

Tune.—*The deuk's dang owre my daddy.*

Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;

Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow
I 'll love my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I 'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I 'll dare the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I 'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O,
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O,
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

TO MARY.

Another of the Poet's many songs in praise of 'Highland Mary.'

Could aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The Muse should tell in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!

They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.

For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of nature prizing.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

Supposed to be written on the eve of the Poet's intended departure for the West Indies. First published in the *Reliques*, from a copy supplied by the Rev. James Gray, of Dumfries, the kind friend of the widow and family of the Poet.

Powers celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest:

Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam!
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

HIGHLAND MARY.

In this song, so exquisitely mournful, we see all the anticipations, all the hopes, of Burns laid low. His Prayer was not heard. His Mary was, as it were, struck dead at his feet. She met him, by appointment, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where she spent the day with him in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West-Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for her projected change in life. Shortly after she crossed the sea to meet him at Greenock, where she had scarcely landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried her to the grave in a few days, before he could even hear of her illness.

Tune.—*Katharine Ogie.*

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald[u] her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:

u Unfolds.

Green be your woods! Fair be your flowers!

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

LAMENT FOR MARY.

Written at a time when the Poet was about to leave Scotland, and first published in the Dumfries Journal.

Air.—*The Banks of the Devon.*

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying [wave.
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore,
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we 'll wander, [wave;
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her, [grave.
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;

Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

We have seen Burns celebrate the youth and beauty of his Mary. We have seen him bewail her death in the most pathetic and agonizing strains. In this sublime and tender elegy, which he composed on the anniversary of her decease, his whole soul seems overwhelmed with sadness. Agitated by the tumult of his feelings, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered on the banks of the Nith and about the farm-yard nearly the whole of the night. At length he threw himself on the side of a corn-stack, and gave utterance to his grief in this divine strain of sensibility—this heart-rending address 'To Mary in Heaven.'

Tune.—*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.*

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL

To his Native Country.

Burns intended this song as a farewell dirge to his native land, from which he was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. 'I had taken,' says he, 'the last farewell of my friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock: I composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—"The gloomy night is gathering fast."'

Tune.—*Roslin Castle.*

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest wi' care,
Along the bonnie banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound:
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

THE FAREWELL

To the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.

Tune.—*Gude night and joy be wi' you a'.*

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu,
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slipp'ry ba',[w]
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I 'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,

[w] Ball.

Beneath th' omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer, when far awa.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him—The Bard that 's far awa!

AND MAUN I STILL ON MENIE DOAT.

It was the opinion of Dr. Currie, that the chorus originally attached to the following beautiful stanzas, both interrupted the narrative, and marred the sentiment of each verse. We have therefore omitted it.

Tune.—*Johnny's grey breeks.*

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues
Her leafy locks wave in their breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me these cowslips blaw,
In vain to me these vi'lets spring:
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis[x] and the lintwhite[y] sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie[z] seedsman stalks,
But life 's to me a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,

x The thrush *y* The linnet. *z* Careful.

The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,[a]
And owre the moorlands whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisie's side,
And mounts and sings on flutt'ring wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.—A NEW BALLAD.

A fragment, first published in the 'Reliques.'

Tune.—*The Dragon of Wantley.*

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal, for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire;
Which shews that Heaven can boil the pot
Though the Devil p-ss in the fire.

a Shuts the gate of his fold.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case
  Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
  Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
  Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
  To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
  Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
  Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
  Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
  That met the Ass of Balaam.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.—A BALLAD.

This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

THERE were three kings into the east,
  Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
  John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
  Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
  John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
  And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
  And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
  And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
  That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Shew'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They 've taen a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore:
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit,
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,

For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

A BOTTLE AND A FRIEND.

First published in the Reliques.

HERE 's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

These verses were composed to celebrate a visit which the Poet and Allan Masterton made to William Nichol, of the High-school, Edinburgh, who happened to be at Moffat during the autumn vacation.—The air is by Masterton.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,[b]
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang[c] night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.[d]

CHORUS.

We are na fou,[e] we 're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,[f]
But ay we 'll taste the barley-bree.[g]

b Malt. c Live-long. d Christendom.
e Drunk. f Dawn. g Juice.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And monie a night we 've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That 's blinkin' in the lift[h] sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle[i] us hame;
But by my sooth she 'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

The following is one of the verses of the old Bacchanalian ditty which suggested this song to Burns:—

O, ilka day my wife tells me, that yill and brandie will ruin me,
But tho' gude drink should be my dead, I 'se hae this written on my head:
'O gudewife, count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
O, gudewife, count the lawin, an' bring a coggie mair.'

Gane is the day, and mirk 's[k] the night,
But we 'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy 's stars and moon,
And blue-red wine 's the rising sun.

CHORUS.

Then gudewife[l] count the lawin,[m]
The lawin, the lawin,
Then gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie[n] *mair.*

There 's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht[o] and fen';

h The sky. *i* Beguile. *k* Dark.
l The Landlady, or mistress of the house.
m The bill, or reckoning. *n* A cup. *o* Fight and struggle.

But here we 're a' in ae accord,
For ilka[q] man that 's drunk 's a lord.
Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly[r] pool,
That heals the wounds of care and dool[s];
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye 'll find him out.
Then gudewife, &c.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Of this song the chorus and second stanza are old.

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,[t]
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I 'm fley'd[u] wad mak me eerie, Sir.

CHORUS.

I 'm owre young, I 'm owre young,
I 'm owre young to marry yet;
I 'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammie yet.

My mammie coft[w] me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I 'm fear'd ye 'd spoil the lacing o't.
I 'm owre young, &c.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In troth I dare na venture, Sir.
I 'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer,[x] Sir;
But if ye come this gate[y] again,
I 'll aulder be gin simmer,[z] Sir.
I 'm owre young, &c.

q Every. *r* Holy. *s* Sorrow. *t* Only child.
u Afraid. *w* Bought. *x* Timber, trees. *y* Way
z I 'll be older against summer.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The scenery of this song was taken from real life. Burns had roved out as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of his Muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. In a corner of his prospect he spied one of the loveliest creatures that ever crowned a poetical landscape, or met a poet's eye. On his return home he composed the following verses in honour of her charms.

Tune.—*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.*

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild:
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!

Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

This song was written on the occasion of Sir John Whitefoord leaving Ballochmyle. The Maria mentioned in the first stanza was the eldest daughter of that gentleman.

Tune.—*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.*

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the ee.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair:
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air:
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle!

BONNIE LESLIE.

This song was composed on a charming Ayrshire girl, as she passed through Dumfries to England.

Tune.—*The collier's bonnie dochter.*

O saw ye bonnie Leslie
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Leslie,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith[a] thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'

The Powers aboon[b] will tent[c] thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer[d] thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie!
Return to Caledonia!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &c

Written for the 'Museum' to the beautiful old melody 'The lady of the flowery field,' included in Ritson's 'Desiderata in Scottish Song,' since published in the Scots Magazine for Jan. 1802.

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,

a Injure. *b* Above. *c* Tend, guard. *d* Molest

The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest:

When Willie, wand'ring through the wood
Who for her favour oft had sued;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
They richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace!
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace!

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul!

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs:

But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood:
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

THE BANKS OF CREE.

The air of this song was composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron, of Heron. The Cree is a beautiful romantic stream in Galloway.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchin shade;
The village-bell has told the hour—
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the wood-lark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love!

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

YOUNG PEGGY.

This is one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book which he had before his first publication.—*Cromek.*

Tune.—*The last time I came owre the moor.*

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.

Her smiles are like the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of savage, surly winter.
Detraction's eye no harm can join
Her winning powers to lessen;
And spiteful envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her:
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY.

This song was communicated by Burns to the Musical Museum, with a mark, denoting it to be an old song with alterations or additions. As he published 'Auld Lang Syne,' and several of his songs, in a similar way, and as the *new* of 'Bonnie Mary' cannot be known from the *old*, there is reason to believe it one of his own songs.

In coming by the brig of Dye,[e]
At Dartlet we a blink did tarry,
As day was dying in the sky
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
In wooing Theniel's bonnie Mary.

e A small river in Kincardineshire, near the birth-place of the Poet's father.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry,
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosie cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
She charm'd my heart an' my twa een,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary.

We lap an' danced the lee-lang night,
Till piper lads were wan an' weary,
Yet rosie as the rising sun
Was Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
O, sweet as light, and kind as night,
Was Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

'This song,' says Burns, 'has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral. The vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are all regularly rounded.'

Tune.—*Rothiemurchus' Rant.*

CHORUS.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now nature cleeds[f] the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie, &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk[g] drooping little flower,

f Clothes. *g* Every.

We 'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we 'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie, &c.

And when the howling wint'ry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I 'll comfort thee, my dearie O.
Lassie, &c.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

The subject of this song was a lady, who afterward died at Lisbon. Burns writes in the character of her husband. She was an accomplished and lovely woman, and worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility.

Tune.—*I'll gang nae mair to yon town.*

O WAT[h] ye wha 's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame 's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

h To wot.

Without my love not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun 's gaun down upon;
A fairer than 's in yon town,
His setting beams ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

This is written in the measure of an old Scottish song of the same name, from which Burns has borrowed nothing but the chorus. He composed it while standing under the Falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go—
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks[1] *of Aberfeldy?*

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

1 Birch trees.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,[k]
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes[l] ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns[m] the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets[n] wi' misty showers,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

O LET ME IN THIS AE[o] NIGHT.

'You have displayed great address in your song, "Let me in this ae night." Her answer is excellent, and at the same time takes away the indelicacy that otherwise would have attached to his entreaties. I like the song as it now stands very much.'
Thomson to Burns.

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waukin', I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and fit,[p]
For I would fain be in, jo.[q]

CHORUS,

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

k Hang. *l* Slope of a hill. *m* A precipice. *n* Wets.
o One. *p* Foot. *q* Sweetheart.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,[r]
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate[s] ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And, ance for a', this ae night
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest[t] blast at mirkest[u] hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht[w] to what poor she endures,
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird[x] may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;

r Rain. s Way. t Bitterest. u Darkest.
w Nought. x Fate.

Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

Written for Thomson's Collection in May 1795. 'Caledonia,' 'O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,' 'This is no my ain house,' &c. were also productions of this period.

Tune.—*Where'll bonnie Annie lie, or Loch-Erroch side.*

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

THE ROSE-BUD.

This song was written on Miss Jenny Cruickshanks, only child of William Cruickshanks, of the High-School, Edinburgh.

Tune.—*The Shepherd's Wife.*

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
A-down a corn-inclosed bawk,[y]
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,

y A narrow footpath across a field.

And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Burns wrote this song when he was about seventeen years of age.

Tune.—*Invercauld's Reel.*

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For laik[z] *o' gear ye lightly me,*
But, troth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;[a]
Ye geck[b] at me because I'm poor,
But fient[c] a hair care I.
O Tibbie, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,[d]

z Lack. a Dust in motion. b Toss the head in scorn.
c A petty oath of negation. d Cash.

That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch[e] o' coin were clean,
Wha follows onie saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er so smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye 'll cast your head anither airt,[f]
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye 'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,[g]
Be better than the kye.[h]
O Tibbie, &c.

But Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice:
The deil a ane wad spier[i] your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark—
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, &c.

CASTLE GORDON.

This song was written by Burns when on his tour to the Highlands, and transmitted to Gordon Castle as an acknowledgment of the hospitality he had received from the noble family.

Tune.—*Morag.*

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;

e Pocket. *f* Quarter. *g* Learning. *h* Cows. *i* Inquire.

Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands:
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Helpless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave:
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a shelt'ring cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle-Gordon.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

This excellent lyric was written for the Museum. The air is from an old and very indelicate song, which is now justly forgotten.

Tune.—*The Moudiewort.*

CHORUS.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin[k] *a ratlin' sang,*
Gin I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

k Kindred, relations.

They snool[l] me sair, and haud me down,
An' gar me look like bluntie,[m] Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
An' then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O, &c.

A gleib o' land, a claut[n] o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith[o] or kin I need na spier,[p]
Gin I were ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O, &c.

They 'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,[q]
Though I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But, hear'st thou, laddie—there 's my loof,[r]
I 'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O, &c.

THE VISION.

This fragment is founded on a poem, bearing the same title, written by Allan Ramsay. The scenery, however, is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing on the banks of the river Cluden, by the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV.

Tune.—*Cumnock psalms.*

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care:

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

l Oppress. *m* A sniveller, a stupid person. *n* Good portion.
o Kindred. *p* Ask. *q* Blockhead. *r* Palm of the hand.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ;[s]
Athort[t] the lift[u] they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.[w]

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam shook to see
A stern and stalwart[x] ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daurin'[y] look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—LIBERTIE!

And frae[z] his harp sic[a] strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna venture 't in my rhymes.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

The fine old air to which this song is written, has also been supplied with words by Mr. Jamison, the editor of 'Old Scottish Ballads and Songs,' in 2 vol. 8vo.—Edin. 1806.

Tune.—*I wish my love was in a mire.*

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew
How pure amang the leaves sae green!
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

s Frightful noise. t Athwart. u Sky. w Lost as soon as won.
x Strong. y Daring. z From. a Such.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

CAN I CEASE TO CARE?

In the following song there is much of the manner and feeling of the old verses,—

'Ay waukin' O, waukin' ay an' wearie,
Sleep I canna get, for thinking on my dearie.'

Tune.—*Ay waukin' O.*

CHORUS.

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

CLARINDA.

The subject of this song was a young widow who encouraged a friendly correspondence with Burns.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part—but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS.

Written to the tune and in the manner of the old song, beginning—
'Come kiss wi' me, come clap wi' me,
An' sail nae mair the saut,* saut sea.'

JOCKEY 's taen the parting kiss,
Owre the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting owre the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep,
Owre the day's fair, gladsome ee,

* Salt.

Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he 'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT 'S FAR AWA.

The original song, to the tune of which the following is written, will be found in a volume of songs printed at Edinburgh, about 1670, black letter, beginning—

'The Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba,
He blew his horn baith loud an' shrill,
The wind has blawn my plaid awa.'

Tune.—*Owre the hills and far awa.*

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,[b]
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is owre the hills and far awa?

It 's no the frosty winter wind,
It 's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my ee,
To think o' him that 's far awa.

My father pat[c] me frae[d] his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods[e] he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed[f] the birken shaw,[g]
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he 'll come hame that 's far awa.

b Fine. *c* Put. *d* From.
e Ribands for binding the hair. *f* Clothe. *g* Small wood

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

This is the first song that Burns contributed to Johnson's Museum of Scottish Songs, a work of great merit, extending to five 8vo. volumes, commenced in 1787, and concluded in 1794. Besides many original contributions to that work, upwards of one hundred and fifty of the old songs and ballads inserted in it bear traces of his hand.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

THERE 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

The warly[h] race may riches chase,
And riches still will fly them, O;
And tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow, &c.

But gie[i] me a cannie[k] hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie,[l] O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce,[m] ye sneer at this,
Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;

h Worldly. *i* Give. *k* Convenient.
l Topsy-turvy. *m* Sober, prudent.

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

BONNIE ANN.

Burns composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of his friend Allan Masterton, author of the air of 'Strathallan's Lament,' 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,' &c.

Ye gallants bright I red[n] you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae gimply laced her genty[o] waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

The chorus of this song is old.

CHORUS.

Up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw
I'm sure it 's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift[p] is driving sairly;

n Counsel. o Elegantly formed. p Drifted snow.

Sae loud and shill 's[q] I hear the blast
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

MY NANNIE, O.

In the earlier editions of this song the Stinchar was said to be Nannie's native stream; but afterwards the Poet replaced it with Lugar, for what reason he has not told us. Perhaps he had a similar one for changing his own name from Burness to Burns.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,
And I 'll awa to Nannie, O.
The westlin' wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night 's baith mirk[r] and rainy, O;
But I 'll get my plaid, an' out I 'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie 's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan[s] wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken[t] me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I 'm welcome ay to Nannie, O

q Shrill. *r* Dark. *s* Wild daisy. *t* Know.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,[u]
And I maun guide it cannie,[w] O;
But warl's gear[x] ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I 'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weal, come woe, I care na by,
I 'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

The humour and fancy of 'Whistle an' I 'll come to you, my lad,' will render it nearly as great a favourite as Duncan Gray. These songs of yours will descend with the music to the latest posterity.—*Thomson to Burns.*

CHORUS.

O, whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad,
O, whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O, whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent,[y] when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett[z] be a-jee;
Syne[a] up the back-style, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me:
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me:
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
O whistle, &c.

u A piece of money given as earnest to a servant, when first hired. *w* Dexterously. *x* Worldly riches.
y Heed. *z* Gate. *a* Then.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly[b] my beauty a wee;[c]
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle[d] your fancy frae me:
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O whistle, &c.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

The two last stanzas of this song are old. Burns prefixed the two first.

Tune—*Hughie Graham.*

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossom to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild and winter rude;
But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin[e] my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa':

O there beyond expression blest,
I 'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd[f] awa by Phœbus' light.

b Sneer at. *c* Little. *d* Beguile. *e* If. *f* Scared.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

The chorus of the old song to which this beautiful lyric is written is curious:—

This is nae my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't—
Bread an' cheese are the door cheeks,
An' pancakes the riggin' o't.—

Tune.—*This is no my ain house.*

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain[g] *lassie,*
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel I ken my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that 's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

She 's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that 's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie[h] is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg[i] as light are lover's een,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that 's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

g Own. *h* Cunning. *i* Quick.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Burns was a member of this corps. He composed the following verses to stimulate their patriotism; for though he deplored the corruptions in the administration of government at home, he was unwilling to exchange even them for foreign domination.

Tune.—*Push about the jorum.*

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns[k] beware, Sir;
There 's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,[l]
And Criffel[m] sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not like snarling tykes,[n]
In wrangling be divided;
Till slap came in an unco loon,[o]
And wi' rung[p] decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in 't;
But deil a foreign tinker loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't;
Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
And wha would dare to spoil it,
By Heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch (his true-born brother)

k Fellows, ragamuffins. *l* A high hill at the source of the Nith.
m A high mountain at the mouth of the same river. *n* Dogs.
o Strange fellow, a foreigner. *p* Cudgel.

Who 'd set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be d—d together!
Who will not sing 'God save the king,'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing 'God save the king,'
We 'll ne'er forget the people.

THE UNION.

At a meeting of a select party of gentlemen to celebrate the birthday of the lineal descendant of the Scottish race of kings, the late unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart, Burns produced and sung the following song.

Tune.—*Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.*

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory!
Fareweel even to the Scottish name
Sae fam'd in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I 'll mak this declaration,
We 're bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

THE WINDING NITH.

The Gaelic air to which this song is adapted, is said to have been composed by Roderic Dall, an itinerant musician, formerly well known in the Highlands of Perthshire. He died about 1789, at a very advanced age.

Tune.—*Robie Donna Gorach.*

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear?
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wand'ring, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

MY HEART IS SAIR.

Two additional verses were written for this song by the late Mr. R. A. Smith, which are now printed along with it in most collections. The new verses are not unworthy to accompany the old.

Tune.—*The Highland Watch's farewell.*

MY heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

DELIA—AN ODE.

This ode was sent to the publisher of the London Star—in which paper it first appeared, with the following letter:—

'Mr. Printer,—If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with Sylvester Otway,* and the other favourites of the Muses, who illuminate the Star with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from

Yours, &c. R. BURNS.'

Ellisland, near Dumfries, May 18, 1789.

Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbling lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flow'r-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
O let me steal one liquid kiss;
For, oh! my soul is parch'd my love!

* The assumed name of a Mr. Oswald, an officer in the army, who frequently contributed verses to the Star newspaper.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

This and the five following songs were addressed to Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns.

Tune.—*Cauld Kail.*

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur:

And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I 'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I 'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

I 'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I 'll ay ca'[q] in by yon town
And by yon garden green again;
I 'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There 's nane sall ken,[r] there 's nane sall guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass;
And stowlins[s] we sall meet again.

She 'll wander by the aiken[t]-tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O, haith, she 's doubly dear again.

q Call. *r* Shall know. *s* In secret. *t* Oak.

THE RANTING DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

Burns says—' I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud.'

Tune.—*East neuk o' Fife.*

O WHA my baby clouts[u] will buy?
Wha will tent[v] me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?[x]
Wha will buy my groanin'-maut?[y]
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,[z]
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?[a]
Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me owre again?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

This song was written in honour of Mrs. Burns, during the honey-moon.

Tune.—*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*,

OF a' the airts[b] the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,[c]
And monie a hill between;

u Clothes. *w* Heed. *x* Fault. *y* Malt.
z Stool of repentance. *a* Talk to me in secret.
b Quarters of the Heavens—i. e. East, West, North, or South.
c Roll.

But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds
I hear her charm the air:
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL

This song was also written in honour of Mrs. Burns, about the same time as the preceding.

Tune.—*My love is lost to me.*

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I 'll glow'r[d] and spell,
And write how dear I love thee!

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay
For a' the lee-lang[e] simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much—how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp,[f] thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;

d To look with earnest and fixed attention.
e Live-long. *f* Slender.

And ay I muse and sing thy name:
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
'Till then—and then I love thee.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

Craigie-burn wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. This wood and that of Dunscrieff were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and composed several of his song

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht[g] but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fa' frae the tree,
Around my grave they 'll wither!

g Nought.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Burns composed this song to the beautiful air of 'Macpherson's Farewell.' Macpherson was a famous robber in the beginning of the last century, and was condemned to be hanged at the assizes at Inverness. His exploits, however, as a freebooter, were debased by no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or the distressed; nor was any murder ever committed under his command. A dispute with one of his own troop, who wished to plunder a gentleman's house while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his being betrayed to the vengeance of the law. He was an admirable performer on the violin, and his talent for musical composition is evinced not only in his 'Rant' and 'Pibroch,' but also in his 'Farewell,' which he composed while he was in prison under sentence of death. He played his 'Farewell' at the foot of the gallows; and then broke his violin over his knee. He died with the same fortitude as he had lived—a stranger to repentance, to remorse, and to fear. His sword is still preserved at Duff-house, a residence of the Earl of Fife.

Tune.—*Macpherson's Farewell.*

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
On monie a bludie plain
I 've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there 's not a man in all Scotland,
But I 'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I 've liv'd a life of sturt[i] and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

'How long and dreary is the night:' "I met with some such words," says Burns, "in a collection of songs somewhere, which I have altered and enlarged, and made to suit my favourite air, Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Tune.—*Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie,[k]
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That 's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day, how drearie!
It was na sae ye glinted[l] by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

Trouble. *k* Frightful. *l* Peeped, passed quickly.

BONNIE PEG.

First published in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1818.

As I came in by our gate end,
  As day was waxin' weary,
O wha came tripping down the street,
  But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
  Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
  Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
  A-down yon winding river;
And, oh! that hour and broomy bower,
  Can I forget it ever?

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Burns has written nothing of the kind better, than the following happy and most excellent song. 'The old proverbial lore,' says Allan Cunningham, 'lends wisdom to the verse, the love of freedom is delicately expressed and vindicated, the sorrows of life are softened by song, and drink seems only to flow to set the tongue of the muse a-moving.'

Tune.—*Lumps o' Pudding.*

Contented wi' little, and cantie[m] wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp,[n] as they 're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog[o] o' gude swats,[p] and an auld Scottish
  sang.

I whyles claw[q] the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:[r]
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
  touch.

m Cheerful. *n* Slap, a smart stroke. *o* Wooden dish. *p* Ale. *q* Scratch. *r* Fight.

A towmond[s] o' trouble, should that be my ta',[t]
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers[u] it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the Deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper[w] and stoyte[x] on her way;
Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jad gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is, 'Welcome, and welcome again!'

WANDERING WILLIE.

Perhaps in this song Burns has not much improved upon the old 'Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie.'

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;[y]
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row[z] gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main:
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie 's my ain!

s Twelvemonth. t Fate. u Cements. w Stumble.
x Stagger. y Hold away home. z Roll.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

Written to the old air of Lord Gregory; the second line was originally, 'If love it may na be, Oh!'

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
'My true love!' she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Tune.—*There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.*

The air to which this pretty pastoral song is united, was a favourite of Burns's. He wrote some excellent Jacobite verses to the same tune.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;[a]
But to me it 's delightless—my Nannie 's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie 's awa.

a Every small wood.

Thou lav'rock[b] that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis,[c] that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie 's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Tune.—*O bonnie lass, will ye lie in a barrack?*

This song was originally written to a fine old air, called Jackie Hume's Lament, but altered to suit the present tune. There is another and an older Meg o' the Mill, which begins—

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
A braw new gown, an' the tail o' it rotten,
An' that 's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof[d] wi' a claut[e] o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The miller was strappin,' the miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu',[f] bleerit knurl;[g]
She 's left the gude fellow and taen the churl.

The miller he hecht[h] her a heart leal and loving:
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving:
A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear-chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin'!
And wae on the love that 's fixed on a mailen![i]
A tocher 's[k] nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

b Lark. *c* Thrush. *d* Blockhead. *e* Great quantity of silver. *f* Deserving the gallows. *g* Bleared dwarf. *h* Offered. *i* Farm. *k* Marriage portion.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

These verses were composed on Miss Hamilton,* sister tc Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon, [blooming fair;
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

The two first lines of this song are taken from an old ballad. The rest are original.

THERES 's auld Rob Morris who wons[l] in yon glen,
He 's the king o' gude fellows and wale[m] of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lass, his darling and mine.

She 's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She 's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

* To this lady Burns addressed several letters, which are unfortunately lost.

l Dwells. *m* Choice.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

Burns is indebted to an old song for the following happy and very graphic verses. They were written for Johnson's Museum.

Tune.—*What can a lassie do?*

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie[z]
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He 's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts[a] and he hirples[b] the weary day lang;
He 's doyl't[c] and he 's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He 's doyl't and he 's dozin', &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool[d] on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He 's peevish and jealous, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan:
I 'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I 'll cross him, and wrack him, &c.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Your 'Hey for a lass wi' a tocher' is excellent, and with you the subject is new indeed. It is the first time I have seen you debasing the god of soft desire into an amateur of acres and guineas.—*Thomson.*

Tune.—*Balinamona ora.*

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;

z Mother. *a* Coughs. *b* Creeps, or walks crazily
c Stupid. *d* Sorrow.

O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,[e]
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty 's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,[f]
Ilk spring they 're new deckit wi' bonnie white [yowes.[g]
Then hey, &c.

And ev'n when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they 're carest.
Then hey, &c.

THE BIG-BELLY'D BOTTLE.

To two old 'bottle' songs we are partly indebted for the following verses. From the one the Poet has borrowed the title; from the other the tune.

Tune.—*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly.*

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman or soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving some snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum the cit with his purse;

e A marriage portion. f Hillocks. g Ewes.

But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts'[h]—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d 'ye call him, that wore the [black gown;
And faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle 's a heaven of care.

A stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

SONG OF DEATH.

'The circumstance,' says Burns, 'that gave rise to the following verses, was looking over, with a musical friend, M'Donald's Collection of Highland airs. I was struck with one, entitled "Oran an Aoig," or "The song of death," to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas.'

Scene—A field of battle. Time of the day—Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the song.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun!
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender [ties,
Our race of existence is run!

h Young's Night Thoughts.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
  Go, frighten the coward and slave!
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
  No terrors hast thou for the brave!

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the [dark,
  Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
  He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our [hands,
  Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands—
  Oh! who would not die with the brave?

OUT-OVER THE FORTH, &c.

The second of the following verses was first published by Currie, the first by Cromek. United, they make an exquisite little song.

Out-over the Forth I look to the north,
  But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
  The far foreign land, nor the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
  That happy my dreams and my slumbers may [be,
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
  The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

BY YON CASTLE WA', &c.

Written in imitation of an old Jacobite song, of which the following are two lines—

My lord 's lost his land, and my lady her name,
There 'll never be right till Jamie comes hame.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;

We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;[k]
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that sair bows me down,
Sin' I tint[l] my bairns,[m] and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

'When Prince Charles Stuart saw that utter ruin had fallen on all those who loved him and fought for him—that the axe and the cord were busy with their persons, and that their wives and children were driven desolate, he is supposed by Burns to have given utterance to his feelings in this Lament.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

Tune.—*Captain O' Kaine.*

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning;
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

k Earth. *l* Lost. *m* Children.

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE, &c.

'Love of country and domestic affection have combined to endear this song to every bosom. It was written in honour of Mrs. Burns.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

Tune.—*Humours of Glen.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,[n]
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

n Fern.

CALEDONIA.

This excellent national song was first published by Dr. Currie. It has never become popular, however. The words and the tune are by no means a very suitable pair.

Tune.—*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia 's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore—
'Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!'
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort;
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:[o]
Repeated, successive, for many long years, [land:
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They 'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside:
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore;[p]

o The Romans. *p* The Saxons.

The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
  To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore;[q]
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
  No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
  As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.[r]

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
  With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
  And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:[s]
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
  Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
  He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd and free,
  Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
  I 'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we 'll choose,
  The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia 's the hypothenuse;
  Then ergo she 'll match them and match them always.[t]

q The Danes.
r The two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.
s The Highlanders of the Isles.
t This singular figure of poetry refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle, the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.

THE WHISTLE.

'As the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious,' says Burns, 'I shall here give it.'

'In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.

'After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table.

'And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

'Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterward lost the Whistle to Walter Riddell of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.

'On Friday the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.'

I SING of a Whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,[u] still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
'This Whistle 's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

u See Ossian's Caric-Thura.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur.[w]
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus, Robert, victorious, the triumph has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man

"By the gods of the ancients!' Glenriddel replies,
'Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I 'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,[x]
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech could pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend,
Said, 'Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he 'd die, or he 'd yield.'

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; [fame,
But for wine and for welcome not more known to
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

w Of a mountainous and rocky district.
x See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er:
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he 'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage:
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?
Tho' fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:
'Craigdarroch, thou 'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

'Thy line, that has struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce;
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!'

AFTON WATER.

Afton Water is one of the tributary streams of the Nith. The song was written in honour of Mrs. Dugald Stewart, of Afton Lodge, a lady of considerable literary abilities. She wrote the beautiful and well-known song—'The tears I shed must ever fall.'

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills:
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow:
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk[z] shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,[a]
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

z Birch-tree. a The slope of a hill.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

This is one of our Bard's early productions.—Miss Armour was afterward Mrs. Burns.

Tune.—*Bonnie Dundee.*

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young Belles,
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they 'd gotten it a':

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland 's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There 's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour 's the jewel for me o' them a'.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune.—*Highlander's Lament.*

'The oldest title,' says Burns, 'I ever heard to this air was "The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland." The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine.'

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain!
But now he 's banish'd far away,
I 'll never see him back again.

CHORUS.

O for him back again,
O for him back again,
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave[c] gae to their bed,
I wander dowie[d] up the glen;
I sit me down and greet[e] my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain,

c Rest. d Worn with grief. e Cry.

Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again!
O for him, &c.

WHEN GUILFORD GOOD OUR PILOT STOOD.

A Fragment.

This ballad made its first appearance in the Edinburgh edition of the Poet's works. When Dr. Blair read it, he uttered his pithy criticism—'Burns's politics always smell of the smithy.'

Tune.—*Gillicrankie.*

When Guilford good our pilot stood,
And did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,[f]
And in the sea did jaw,[g] man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man!
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe[h]
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

f Tea-pot.

g To pour out—to jerk, or cast away. It will be recollected that when the English parliament imposed an excise duty upon tea imported into North America, the East India Company sent several ships laden with that article to Boston, and the natives went on board those ships by force of arms, and emptied all the chests of tea into the sea. *h* A hillock.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
  Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
  In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang 's he dought,[i]
  An' did the buckskins[k] claw, man ;
But Clinton's glaive[l] frae rust to save,
  He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guilford too,
  Began to fear a fa', man ;
And Sackville doure,[m] wha stood the stoure,[n]
  The German chief to thraw, man :
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
  Nae mercy had at a', man ;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
  And lows'd his tinkler[o] jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game ;
  Till death did on him ca', man ;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
  Conform to gospel law, man ;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
  They did his measures thraw, man.
For North an' Fox united stocks,
  An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
  He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
  Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,[p]
  On Chatham's boy did ca', man :
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
  'Up, Willie, waur[q] them a', man!'

i Was able. *k* Natives of Virginia.
l A sword. *m* Stout, stubborn. *n* Dust.
Let loose in a strain of coarse raillery against the Ministry.
p Proclamation. *q* To worst—to defeat.

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
  A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas arous'd the class
  Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,[r]
  (Inspired bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise!
  Would I hae fear'd them a', man?'

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
  Gowff'd[s] Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron[t] raise, and coost their claise[u]
  Behind him in a raw, man;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
  An' did her whittle[w] draw, man;
An' swoor[x] fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
  To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

NOW WESTLIN' WINDS, &c.

This is an early production. It was published in the Kilmarnock edition.

Tune.—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns
  Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
  Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
  Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
  To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;[y]
  The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
  The soaring hern the fountains:

r Dress, accoutrements. *s* Struck.
t An old name for the English nation. *u* Cast their clothes.
w Knife, or sword. *x* Swore.
y A field pretty level on the side or top of a hill.

Thro' lofty groves the cushat[z] roves
  The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
  The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
  The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
  Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
  Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
  The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning 's clear,
  Thick flies the skimming swallow:
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
  All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
  And view the charms of nature!
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
  And every happy creature.

We 'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
  Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I 'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
  Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
  Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
  My fair, my lovely charmer!

TO MARY.

'In my early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took this fareweel of a dear girl.'—*Burns to Thomson.*

Tune.—*Ewe-bughts, Marion.*

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
  And leave auld Scotia's shore?

z The dove, or wood-pigeon.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
  Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
  And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
  Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
  I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
  When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
  And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
  Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
  In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
  The hour and the moment o' time!

MY WIFE 'S A WINSOM WEE THING.

'These lines,' says Burns, 'are extempore. I might have tried something more profound, yet it might not have suited the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink.'

She is a winsome[a] wee[b] thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist[c] my heart I 'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.[d]

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife of mine.

a Gay. *b* Little. *c* Nearest. *d* Be lost.

The warld's wrack,[e] we share o't,
The warstle[f] and the care o't,
Wi' her I 'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

GALLA WATER.

Written for Thomson's Collection. The air, and several of the lines, are from an old song of the same name.

THERE 's braw, braw lads on Yarrow Braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow Braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I 'll be his, and he 'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;[g]
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We 'll tent[h] our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft[i] contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that 's the chiefest warld's treasure!

YOUNG JESSIE.

The following song, though excellent, and set to one of the best and sweetest Scottish melodies, has never become popular. The good old ditty 'O whar gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet,' is still sung, and still a favourite.

Tune.—*Bonnie Dundee.*

TRUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,

e Vexation. *f* Wrestling. *g* Not much wealth.
h Tend. *i* Bought.

But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
  Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
  To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
  And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
  And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
  Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
  Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
  Her modest demeanour 's the jewel of a'.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune.—*Robin Adair.*

Speaking of this song to Thomson, Burns says, 'I have tried my hand on "Robin Adair," and you will probably think with little success; but it is such a cursed, cramp, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing any thing better to it.'

While larks with little wing
  Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
  Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high!
Such thy morn! did I cry,
    Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
  Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
  Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
  Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
  Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
  Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
  Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE, &c.

To the same Tune.

An unfortunate circumstance which happened to his friend Cunningham, suggested this fine pathetic song to the Poet's fancy.

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
  There would I weep my woes,
  There seek my lost repose,
  Till grief my eyes should close,
    Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air?
  To thy new lover hie,
  Laugh o'er thy perjury,
  Then in thy bosom try,
    What peace is there!

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

'A favourite air of mine,' says Burns, 'is the muckin' o' Geordie's Byre, when sung slow, with expression. I have often wished that it had had better poetry: that I have endeavoured to supply as follows.'

Tune.—*The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
  To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
  Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa, &c

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

'I do not think "On the Seas and far away" one of your very happy productions, though it certainly contains stanzas that are worthy of all acceptation.'—*Thomson to Burns*

Tune.—*O'er the Hills, &c.*

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that 's far away.
On the seas, &c.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

Written for the Museum. The air must have been altered to suit the present verses, as the measure of the old song is very different—'When she cam ben she bobbit *fu' low.*'

Tune.—*When she cam ben she bobbit.*

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She 's down i' the grove, she 's wi' a new love,
She winna[k] come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause[l] as thou 's fair,
Thou 's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Duncan Gray was a favourite air of the Poet's. He had already written to it his admirable Scottish song, 'Duncan Gray cam here to woo.' The following is an attempt to dress it in English.

Tune.—*Duncan Gray.*

Let not woman e'er complain,
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:

k Will not. *l* False.

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies:
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU, &c.

Written for Thomson's Collection. For some curious alterations of this song, see Currie's edition, vol. iv. page 137.

Tune.—*Deil tak the Wars.*

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka[m] bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite[n] in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
Night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:

m Every. *n* Linnet.

But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

How do you like,' says Burns to Thomson, 'the simplicity and tenderness of this pastoral?—I think it pretty well.'

Tune.—*My lodging is on the cold ground.*

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':[m]
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.[n]

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd,[o] to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

m Hall. *n* Small wood in a hollow. *o* Pulled, gathered.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

Altered from an old English Song.

Tune.—*Dainty Davie.*

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

FAREWELL THOU STREAM, &c.

This song has nothing in common with the old verses—
'Nancy's to the greenwood gane,
To gain her love by flattering.'

Tune.—*Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*

Farewell thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
  And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
  Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
  I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
  Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
  Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
  For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,
  Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
  Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
  The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
  In overwhelming ruin

PHILLY[p] AND WILLY.—A DUET.

'I am much pleased,' says the Poet, in a letter to George Thomson, 'with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas; I regret that you did not hint it to me sooner.'

Tune.—*The Sow's Tail.*

HE.

O Philly, happy be that day
When roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
  And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,

p The common abbreviation of Phillis.

Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy

HE.

As songsters oi the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne,[q] and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What 's a' the joys that gowd[r] can gie!
I care na wealth a single flie;
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that 's my ain dear Willy.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

Of this song, Burn says, 'Well! I think, to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard,* it is not so far amiss.'

Tune.—*Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

q Lose. r Gold. * Snuff.

'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EE WAS MY RUIN.

The following is a verse of the old song:—

'Lang hae we parted been, lassie my dearie,
Now we are met again, lassie lie near me;
Near me, near me, lassie lie near me,
Lang hast thou lien thy lane, lassie lie near me.'

Tune.—*Lassie, lie near me.*

'Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown[s] glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I 'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

Altered from an old English song.

Tune.—*John Anderson, my jo.*

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize:
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,

s Stolen.

To shun impending ruin
  Awhile her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
  No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
  And drops beneath his feet.

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

The Chloris of this song has inspired some of the Poet's sweetest strains. She is said to have died lately in great poverty.

Tune.—*Deil tak the wars.*

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
  Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
  Poor is all that princely pride.
  What are the showy treasures?
  What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art;
  The polish'd jewel's blaze
  May draw the wond'ring gaze,
  And courtly grandeur bright
  The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
  In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
  Shrinking from the gaze of day;
  O then, the heart alarming,
  And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
  Ambition would disown
  The world's imperial crown,
  Ev'n Avarice would deny
  His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

I have written this song,' says Burns in one of his letters, 'in the course of an hour; so much for the *speed* of my Pegasus, but what say you to his *bottom?*'

Tune.—*Let me in this ae night.*

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here:
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me:
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune.—*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme;
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

This song was written for Mr. Thomson's Collection. The three first verses were sent in a letter to that gentleman, a few days before the Poet's death, which took place on the 21st July, 1796; the fourth verse was afterwards found among his manuscripts: so that this beautiful song, written under much distress of body, and trouble of mind, was, in all probability, the last finished offspring of his muse.

Tune.—*Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney.*

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as the parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied:
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here 's a health &c.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

This song was written at Brow, on the Solway Firth, a few days before the Poet's death.

Tune.—*Rothermurchie's Rant.*

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?
O, did not Love exclaim, 'Forbear,
'Nor use a faithful lover so?'
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share!
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know!
Fairest maid, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME.

'The peculiar rhythm of this fine Gaelic air, and the consequent difficulty of making verses to suit it, must excuse the shortness of this song.'—*Morrison.*

Tune.—*An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.*

Stay, my charmer, can you you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited:
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Written in compliment to Miss Hamilton, the sister of the Poet's early friend and patron, G. Hamilton, Esq.

Tune.—*Drumion dubh.*

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me,
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal, where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa!

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me:
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa!

THE LAZY MIST, &c.

This is an early production. It was originally written for the Museum, but since considerably altered.

Irish air.—*Coolun.*

The lazy mist nangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:

Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!
How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects, old Time in his progress has worn!
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn!
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life 's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

This clever, sensible song is also an early production, and was likewise written for the Museum.

O MEIKLE[u] thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,[w]
My tocher 's[x] the jewel has charms for him.
It 's a' for the apple he 'll nourish the tree;
It 's a' for the hiney[y] he 'll cherish the bee;
My laddie 's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He can na hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve 's an airl-penny,[z]
My tocher 's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',[a]
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye 're like to the timmer[b] o' yon rotten wood,
Ye 're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye 'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
Ye 'll crack your credit wi' mae[c] nor me.

u Much. *w* Know very well. *x* Money. *y* Honey.
z Earnest-money. *a* Cunning. *b* Timber. *c* More.

THE POSIE.

The air of this song was taken down from the singing of Mrs. Burns. The following is the first verse of the old song to the same tune—

'There was a pretty May, and a milking she went,
Wi' her red rosie cheeks, an' her coal black hair.'

O LUVE will venture in where it daur na weel[d] be seen, [been;
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green,
And a' to pu'[e] a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstlin' o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she 's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, [mou;
For it 's like a baumy kiss o' her bonnie sweet
The hyacinth 's for constancy, wi' its unchanging [blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
In her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near, [clear;
And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her een sae

d Dare not well. *e* Pull.

The violet 's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll tie the posie roúnd wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear by a' above,
That ne'er remuve, to my latest draught o' life the band shall
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

The old air, 'Wat ye how the play began,' to which this song was written, is lively—the words plaintive. Burns frequently united music and poetry together, without considering much the natural dispositions of the parties.

Ance mair[f] I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure;
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever*,
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf of the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

BONNIE BELL.

In the 'Edinburgh Miscellany,' 1809, a copy of this song is printed with two additional verses; but they do not appear to be the work of Burns.

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies:

f Once more.

Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell,
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

In some of the earlier editions of this song, 'sailor' is substituted for 'weaver.'

Tune.—*The auld wife ayont the fire.*

WHERE Cart[g] rins rowin'[h] to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught[i] or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,[k]
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,[l]
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I 'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I 'll love my gallant weaver.

g The name of a river. *h* Runs rolling. *i* Eight. *k* Would be lost. *l* Marriage-bond.

A RED, RED ROSE.

The air and the first verse of this song are taken from an old Ayrshire ballad.

O, MY luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang[m] dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

Between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar fought Nov. 13, 1715.

Tune.—*The Cameronian Rant.*

'O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were you at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?'
I saw the battle, sair[n] and tough,
And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,[o]
My heart, for fear, gae sough[p] for sough,
To hear the thuds,[q] and see the cluds,[r]
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,[s]
Wha glaum'd[t] at kingdoms three, man.

m Go. *n* Sore. *o* Ditch. *p* Sigh.
q A loud intermitting noise. *r* Clouds.
s In clothing made of the tartan check. *t* Aimed at.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
  To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
  And mony a bouk[u] did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles: [clash'd,
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad swords
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
  Till fey[w] men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,[x]
  And skyrin' tartan trews,[y] man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
  And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,[z]
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
  They fled like frighted doos,[a] man.

'O how deil Tam can that be true?
  The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw myself, they did pursue
  The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig[b] wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
  For fear amaist did swarf,[c] man.'

My sister Kate cam up the gate
  Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
  Frae Perth unto Dundee, man;

u Vomiting. *w* Foe.
x A short petticoat worn by the Highlanders.
y Shining chequered trowsers. *z* Target. *a* Doves.
b Bridge. *c* Swoon.

Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose;[d] all crying woes,
And so it goes, you see, man.

They 've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang and some for right;
But mony bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores,[e] and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

This song was found among the manuscripts of Burns, after his death, entitled 'An Address to a Lady.'

Tune.—*The lass of Livingstone.*

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie[f] to the angry airt,[g]
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield[h] should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

d Cups of broth. *e* A broad sword. *f* Cloak.
g The quarter from which the wind or weather comes.
h Shelter.

Oh were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

This song was also found among the manuscripts of the Poet, after his death. He was very fond of the air (Morag), and wrote other songs to it.

Tune.—*Morag.*

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that 's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic[i] powers alarming;
O that 's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka[k] body talking
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted;
O that 's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,

i Such. k Every.

If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O that 's, &c.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

First published in the Reliques.

(A parody on Robin Adair.)

You 're welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You 're welcome to Despots, Dumourier.—
How does Dampiere do?
Aye, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,—
I will fight France with you, Dumourier:—
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul I 'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be d-mn'd no doubt—Dumourier.

O ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS.

This was our Poet's first attempt.

Tune.—*I am a man unmarried.*

O once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that honour warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony[l] full as braw,[m]
But for a modest gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

l Many. *m* Fine.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee,
But without some better qualities
She 's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel:
And then there's something in her gait
Gars[n] ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart:

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

'These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen,* and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.'—*Burns' Reliques.*

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie[o] wave.

n Makes.

* It is perhaps worthy of remark, that in this song of *seventeen*, there is strictly speaking only one Scotch word—the word *drumlie*—a circumstance that promised little for our author's future eminence as a Scottish Poet.

o Muddy.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon,[p] loud tempest storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;)
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old.

THERE's a youth in this city, it were a great pity,
That he from our lasses should wander awa:
For he's bonnie and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket[q] is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon[r] like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
Weel featur'd, weel tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her;[s]
The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.—
There's Meg wi' the mailen,[t] that fain wad a haen him,[u]
And Susy, whase daddy was Laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy[w] maist fetters his fancy,
—But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

p Long before noon. *q* An under-waistcoat with sleeves.
r Shoes. *s* Causes him to go to her. *t* Farm.
u Would have had him. *w* Nancy with a great marriage portion.

MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The first half-stanza of this song is old.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart 's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

This song, says Burns, was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterward a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad. —Another copy of this will be found, ante, p. 386.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
And blythely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood,
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;

But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee graceful', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
An' a' my days o' life to come
I 'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs[x] in luve;
Had I na[y] found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka[z] thing it meets.

x Ears. *y* Not. *z* Every.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines[a] its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Written for the Caledonian Musical Repository, a collection of Scottish songs and airs, published at Edinburgh in 1789; and set to the old tune of Falkland Fair.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed, [reed.
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd, clear stream,
Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be,
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

[a] Soon it loses.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling [ee,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over.—*Burns' Reliques*, p. 329.

Tune.—*The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.*

MY Father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O
And carefully he bred me in decency and order; O
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, O
For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming; O
My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my education: O
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favour; O
Some cause unseen, still stept between, to frustrate each endeavour; O [saken; O
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes by friends for-
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's vain delusion, O
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion; O
The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or ill untried; O
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I; nor person to befriend me; O
So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to sustain me, O
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me early; O
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for fortune fairly, O

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I 'm doom'd to wander, O
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber; O
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or sorrow; O
I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a palace, O
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted malice; O
I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther; O
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money, O
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon me; O
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd folly; O
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour, O
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther; O
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.

I'LL KISS THEE YET.

'The name of Peggy Allison gives an air of truth and reality to this little warm affectionate song.'—*See Scottish Songs.* Our Poet was sometimes not very happy in naming his heroines: the names of Chloris, Phillis, &c., look strangely in a Scottish song.

Tune.—*Braes o' Balquhidder.*

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Allison!

Ilk[b] care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel[c] throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic[d] a moment's pleasure, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O;—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS THERE LIVES A LASS.

Recovered from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, and first published by Cromek.

Tune.—*If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass—
Could I describe her shape and mien;

b Each. *c* When they first mount the throne. *d* Such.

The graces of her weel-far'd face,
  And the glancin' of her sparklin' een.

She 's fresher than the morning dawn
  When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She 's stately like yon youthful ash,
  That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She 's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
  With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
  When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dām;
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
  That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,
  When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
  That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
  That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight
  An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it 's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching Beauty's fabled Queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

WAE IS MY HEART.

First published in the Reliques.

Wae[e] is my heart, and the tear 's in my ee;
Lang, lang joy 's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep hae I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's ee.

THE DEIL 'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

At a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns being called upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to the President, written on the back of a letter.

The Deil came fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd, 'Auld Mahoun,[g]
'We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

e Woe. *f* Eye. *g* A name given to the Devil.

'We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man,
And monie thanks to the muckle black Deil,
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

'There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was—the Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
'We'll mak our maut,' &c.

I RED[h] YOU BEWARE AT THE HUNTING.

First published in the Reliques, from a manuscript in the possession of the Poet's intimate friend, Mr. Cunningham.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were maun,[i]
Our lads gaed[k] a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.

I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage out-lustred the pride o' the spring,
And O! as she wantoned gay on the wing.
I red, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he tried his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
I red, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;

h Counsel, caution. *i* Mown. *k* Went.

But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.—
I red, &c.

. . . . . .

AMANG THE TREES WHERE HUMMING BEES.

From the Poet's memorandum-book; first published in the Reliques.

Tune.—*The King of France, he rade a race.*

AMANG the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing; O
'Twas pibroch,[l] sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd[m] them aff, fu' clearly, O
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,[n]
That dang[o] her tapsalteerie,[p] O—

Their capon craws[q] and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs[r] grow eerie,[s] O
The hungry bike[t] did scrape and pike
Till we were wae and weary; O—
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen years awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

. . . . . .

ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER.

A Fragment.

From the Poet's Common-place Book, published by Cromek.

Tune.—*John Anderson my jo.*

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:

l A Highland war-song, adapted to the bagpipe.
m Struck slightly yet quick. *n* Screams. *o* Drove.
p Topsy-turvy. *q* Hen-crowing. *r* Ears.
s Frightened. *t* Bee-hive.

Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat[u] crooded o'er me,
That echoed thro' the braes.

. . . . . .

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN AT KYLE.

A Fragment.

The following is also an extract from the same Common-place Book of Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry, &c., by Robert Burness (for so Burns in early life spelt his name), first published by Cromek.

Tune.—*Daintie Davie.*

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,[w]
But what na day o' what na style—
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch 's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit[x] in his loof,[y]
Quo' scho, 'Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly[z] boy will be nae coof,[a]
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.

'He 'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He 'll be a credit till[b] us a',
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin.

'But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka[c] score and line,

u The dove, or wild pigeon. *w* A district of Ayrshire.
x Peeped. *y* Palm of the hand.
z Jolly. *a* Blockhead. *b* To. *c* Every.

This chap will dearly like our kin',[d]
So leeze[e] me on thee, Robin.

'Guid faith,' quo' scho, 'I doubt you, Sir,
Ye gar the lasses * * * *
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur[f]—
So blessin's on thee, Robin!'

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE.

A Fragment.

Tune.—*I had a horse and I had nae mair.*

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady,
Where er I gaed,[g] where'er I rade
A mistress still I had ay:

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' ony body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.[h]

. . . . . .

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

A Fragment.

Tune.—*Galla Water.*

Altho' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my pladdie,
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;

d Kind, sex. *e* A phrase of congratulatory endearment.
f Worse. *g* Went.
h Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns.

I 'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I 'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin' 't with Montgomerie's Peggy.—

. . . . . .

O RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING BLAST.

A Fragment.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low! O
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low! O.
My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow; O
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow; O.
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

The first three verses of this excellent patriotic song were first published in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1818, from a manuscript in the hand-writing of Burns. The remaining two verses appeared sometime after in the same Periodical, with a note by the Editor, proving their authenticity. The first complete copy of the song was printed in a little volume entitled, 'The Lyric Muse of Robert Burns,' published in 1819, by the late John Smith, bookseller, Montrose.

HERE 's a health to them that 's awa,
And here 's to them that 's awa;
And wha winna[i] wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'![k]
It 's guid to be merry and wise,
It 's guid to be honest and true,

i Will not. *k* Fate, lot.

It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
  And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
  And here 's to them that 's awa;
Here 's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
  Altho' that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
  May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine[l] in the mist,
  And wander their way to the devil!

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
  And here 's to them that 's awa;
Here 's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
  That lives at the lug[m] o' the law!
Here 's freedom to him that wad read,
  Here 's freedom to him that wad write! [heard,
There 's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be
  But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
  And here 's to them that 's awa;
Here 's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na
  We'll build in a hole o' the wa'. [like 'em,
Here 's timmer[n] that 's red at the heart,
  Here 's fruit that 's sound at the core!
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat,
  Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
  And here 's to them that 's awa; [gowd,
Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth
  Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here 's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
  And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
  May they never eat of her bread.

l Be lost. *m* The ear; i. e. close to. *n* Timber, wood.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

This and the two following Fragments are excellent; the second 'The Winter it is past, &c.' is particularly so. It is conceived in the spirit, and expressed in the manner, of the old ballad.

As I was wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing,
And as he was singing thir° words he did say—
'There 's nae life like the Ploughman in the
month o' sweet May.—

'The lav'rock in the morning she 'll rise frae her
nest,
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,
And wi' the merry Ploughman she 'll whistle and
sing,
And at night she 'll return to her nest back again.'

THE WINTER IT IS PAST, &c.

A Fragment.

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree;
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running
clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at
But my true love is parted from me. [rest,

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

A Fragment.

Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower where mony a flower,
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

° These.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay:
To love they thought nae crime, Sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

POLLY STEWART.

This happy little song was written for the Museum. It is an early production.

Tune.—*Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*

CHORUS.

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely, &c.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

A Fragment.

There was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' monie a sigh and tear.
Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear:
And nocht[p] could him quell, or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

p Nothing

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

The person who composed the air of this song was a Girvan fiddler, a Johnny M'Gill—he named it after himself.

Tune.—*Johnny M'Gill.*

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
I carena[q] thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,[r]
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

First published in the Poetry, 'Original and Selected,' by Brash and Reid, of Glasgow.

CHORUS.

Robin shure in hairst,[s]
I shure wi' him,
Fient[t] *a heuk*[u] *had I,*
Yet I stack[w] *by him.*

I GAED[x] up to Dunse,
To warp a wab[y] o' plaiden,
At his daddie's yett,[z]
Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,[a]
Though I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic[b] a trick
And me the eller's dochter?[c]
Robin shure, &c.

q Care not for. *r* Worse. *s* Did shear, or reap, in harvest. *t* A petty oath of negation. *u* Reaping-hook. *w* Stuck. *x* Went. *y* Web. *z* Gate. *a* Bold. *b* Such. *c* Elder's daughter.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;[d]
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, &c.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON 'T.

The original of this song will be found in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry.

CHORUS.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon 't,[e]
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps[f] *and jirkinet,*[g]
My lord thinks muckle mair[h] *upon 't.*

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady 's white, my lady 's red,
And kith[i] and kin o' Cassillis' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher[k] guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons[l] auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty[m] limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My lady's gown, &c.

d Victuals.
e Triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of it.
f Easy stays. *g* Short gown. *h* Much more. *i* Kindred.
k Marriage portion. *l* Dwells. *m* Elegantly formed.

My lady 's dink,[n] my lady 's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that 's the lass to make him blest.
My lady's gown, &c.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

This and the following two verses are imitations of old songs.

Wee[o] Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and [doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat:
Feathers of a flee[p] wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

O GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS.

O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars[q] me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I HAD sax owsen[r] in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds[s] me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool[t] when I hae done,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
O guid ale comes, &c.

n Neat, trim. *o* Little. *p* Fly. *q* Makes.
r Six oxen. *s* Holds. *t* Stool of repentance.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Written for the Museum. The chorus is partly old.

O lay thy loof[u] *in mine, lass,*
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear in thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A SLAVE to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;[w]
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

There 's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

EXTEMPORE.*

April, 1782.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I 'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I 'll go and be a sodger.
I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it 's gane and something mair,
I 'll go and be a sodger.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

Extracted from the Poet's memorandum book, when farmer of Mossgiel.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye 're safer at your spinning-wheel;

u Palm of the hand. w Much woe.
* An early production.

Such witching books are baited hooks,
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel,
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you 're prey for Rob Mossgiel

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

The chorus and the two concluding lines of this song are from an old ballad of considerable length, which tradition has still preserved in Kincardineshire.

CHORUS.

O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith she'll soon o'ergang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I marry'd;
But never honest man's intent,
As cursedly miscarry'd.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir[x] days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth is past
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O ay my wife, &c.

x These.

THE DEUK 'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

There is still much of the spirit of the old indelicate song of the same name, in the following verses.

THE bairns[y] gat out wi' an unco[z] shout,
The deuk 's[a] dang[b] o'er my daddie, O!
The fient[c] ma care, quo' the feirie[d] auld wife,
He was but a paidlin'[e] body, O!
He paidles out, and he paidles in,
An' he paidles late and early, O;
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless[f] carlie, O.

O haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O:
I 've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie,[g] O:
I 've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddl'd me late and earlie, O;
But downa[h] do 's come o'er me now,
And, oh, I find it sairly, O!

THE FIVE CARLINS.—AN ELECTION BALLAD.

There is considerable humour in this ballad. It was written on a desperately contested election for the Dumfries district of boroughs, oetween Sir James Johnson of Wester-hall, and Mr. Miller of Dalswinton.

Tune.—*Chevy-chace.*

THERE were five Carlins[i] in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town
To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
But do our errands there,
And aiblins[k] gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

y Children. *z* Great. *a* Duck. *b* Driven or pushed. *c* Fiend. *d* Stout, vigorous. *e* Infirm, walking with a feeble step. *f* Dry, sapless. *g* Unlucky. *h* Unable, cannot. *i* Stout old women. *k* Perhaps.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,[l]
  A dame wi' pride enough;
And Marjorie o' the monie Loch,[m]
  A Carlin auld an' teugh.[n]

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,[o]
  That dwells near Solway side,
And whisky Jean that took her gill[p]
  In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,[q]
  O' gipsy kith an' kin,[r]
Five weightier Carlins were na found
  The south kintra[s] within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town
  They met upon a day,
And monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
  That errand fain would gae.

O! monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
  This errand fain would gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
  O! ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
  Bred o' a border band,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
  Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
  And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
  Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,
  And spak wi' modest grace,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
  If sae their pleasure was.

l Dumfries. *m* Lochmaben. *n* Tough. Annan. *p* Kirkcudbright. *q* Sanquhar. *r* Kindred. *s* Country.

He wad na hecht[t] them courtly gift,
  Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart—
  Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now whom to choose and whom refuse;
  To strife thae Carlins fell;
For some had gentle-folk to please,
  And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
  An' she spak out wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth
  Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
  She did not care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
  To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale:
  A deadly aith she 's ta'en,
The she wad vote the border Knight,
  Tho' she should vote her lane.

For far off fowls hae feathers fair,
  An' fools o' change are fain:
But I hae tried the border Knight,
  I 'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel
  A Carlin stout and grim,
The auld guidman or young guidman,
  For me may sink or swim!

For fools may prate o' right and wrang,
  While knaves laugh them to scorn:
But the Sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
  Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink,—
  Ye weel ken kimmers[u] a'

t Offer. *u* Gossips.

The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back 's been at the wa':

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup,[w]
Is now a frammit[x] wight;
But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean—
We'll send the border Knight.

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow;
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots heart was true.

There 's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will send to Lon'on town,
Wha I lo'e best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end,
Nae mortal wight can tell;
G-d grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to himsel.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

Written for the Musical Museum—the chorus is old.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had sic care—
Now I 've gotten wife an' bairns,
An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
Ance crowdie[y], twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye 'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want an' hunger fley[z] me,
Glowrin'[a] by the hallan[b] en'—
Sair I fecht[c] them at the door,
But ay I 'm eerie[d] they come ben[e].
Ance crowdie, &c.

w Wooden drinking-vessel. *x* Strange, or estranged.
y A dish made by pouring boiling water on oatmeal, and stirring it. *z* To make afraid. *a* Staring.
b Partition wall. *c* To fight. *d* Frighted. *e* Inwards.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

This spirited and humorous production was first introduced to the public by Mr. T. Stewart of Greenock. It appeared in a thin octavo, published at Glasgow in 1801, under the title of 'Poems ascribed to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard.' Dr. Currie refused to admit it into his collection, because the Poet had trespassed slightly upon the limits of Presbyterian purity, and spoken rather irreverently of courts and churches.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart[f] leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,[g]
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hail-stanes drive wi' bitter skyte,[h]
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch[i] drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie,[k] gangrel[l] bodies,
In Posie-Nansie's[m] held the splore,[n]
To drink their orra duddies:[o]
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The very girdle[p] rang.

First, neist[q] the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger;
An' ay he gies the toozie[r] drab
The tither skelpin[s] kiss,

f Grey, or dead leaves.
g The razor-bill. *h* To eject with great force.
i Hoar frost. *k* Turbulent. *l* Strolling.
m The landlady of a whisky-house, in the outskirts of Mauchline, in which the beggars held their orgies, and where the present group actually met. *n* A frolic.
o Superfluous rags, or pence: or whatever they could turn into money.
p A round plate of iron for toasting cakes over the fire.
q Next. *r* Swarthy. *s* Warm, eager.

g the Bathy

While she held up her greedy gab[t]
Just like an aumos[u] dish.
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's[w] whip;
Then staggering and swaggering
He roar'd this ditty up:

AIR.

Tune.—*Soldier's Joy.*

I AM a son of Mars,
Who have been in many wars,
And shew my cuts and scars
Wherever I come;
This here was for a wench,
And that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past
Where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast
On the heights of Abram;
I served out my trade
When the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I, lastly, was with Curtis,
Among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness
An arm and a limb;
Yet, let my country need me,
With Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

t Mouth. *u* An alms-dish. *w* A carrier

And now, tho' I must beg,
With a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag
Hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet,
My bottle and my callet,[x]
As when I used in scarlet
To follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho', with hoary locks,
I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks
Oftentimes for a home:
When the tother bag I sell,
And the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell
At the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars[y] shook
Aboon[z] the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons[a] backward look,
And seek the benmost bore.[b]
A merry Andrew i' the nook,
He skirl'd out, 'Encore!'
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar:

AIR.

Tune.—*Soldier Laddie.*

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de ral, &c.

x A kind of cap.
y Rafters. z Above. a Rats. b The innermost hole.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of the sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd, I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here 's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, i' the neuk,[c]
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;[d]
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themsels they were sae bizzy.
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd[e] up and made a face;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne[f] tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

c A nook, or corner.
d Tinker wench.
e Staggered.
f Then.

AIR.

Tune.—*Auld Sir Symon.*

Sir Wisdom 's a fool when he 's fou,[g]
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He 's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a book,
And I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent mistook,
But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck;
A hizzie's the half of my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that 's avowedly daft?[h]

I ance was tied up like a stirk,[i]
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
For touzling a lass i' my daffin.[k]

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There 's even, I 'm tauld, i' the court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Make faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad,
It 's *rivalship* just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I 'll tell,
For faith I 'm confoundedly dry,
The chield that 's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d, he 's far dafter[l] than I.

g Drunk.
h Crazy, or foolish.
i A young bullock, or heifer.
k Pastime, gaiety.
l A greater fool.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist[m] outspak a raucle carlin,[n]
Wha kent[o] fu' weel to cleek[p] the sterlin';
For monie a pursie she had hookit,
And had in monie a well been doukit:

Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie![q]
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune.—*O an ye were dead, Gudeman.*

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
The Lowland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw[r] John Highlandman!

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman;
There 's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg[s] an' tartan[t] plaid,
An' guid claymore[u] down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman!
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lowland face ha feared none,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

m Next. *n* Rash, contemptuous term for a woman.
o Knew. *p* To lay hold of as with a hook.
q The gallows, on which her husband had been hanged.
r Brave. *s* A short petticoat worn by Highlandmen.
t Chequered cloak, or upper garment. *u* A broad sword.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now, a widow, I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at trysts[x] and fairs to driddle,[y]
Her strappin'[z] limb and gaucy[a] middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn 't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward ee,
He croon'd[b] his gamut, one, two, three,
Then, in an *arioso* key,
The wee Apollo
Set off, wi' *allegretto* glee,
His *giga solo.*

AIR.

Tune.—*Whistle owre the lave o't.*

LET me ryke[c] up to dight[d] that tear,
An' go wi' me an' be my dear;

x Meetings appointed for dancing and frolic.
y To move slowly. *z* Tall and handsome.
a Large, jolly. *b* Hummed.
c Use my power, or best endeavours. *d* Wipe, or clean.

An' then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was 'Whistle owre the lave o't.'

At kirns[e] and weddings we'se be there,
And O sae nicely 's we will fare!
We 'll bouse about till daddie Care
Sings 'Whistle owre the lave o't.'
I am, &c.

Sae merrily 's the banes we 'll pyke,[f]
And sun oursels about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We 'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,[g]
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,[h]
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rusty rapier:—
He swore by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,[i]
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers[k] bended,

e Harvest suppers. *f* The bones we'll pick.
g Tickle hair on guts; i. e. Play on the violin. *h* Tinker.
i Spit him like a plover.
k The hams, or hinder part of the thighs.

And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
  And sae the quarrel ended.
But though his little heart did grieve
  When round the tinker press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle[l] in his sleeve,
  When thus the caird address'd her:

AIR.

Tune.—*Clout the Cauldron.*

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
  A tinkler is my station;
I 've travell'd round all Christian ground,
  In this my occupation;
I 've taen the gold, I 've been enroll'd
  In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
  To go and clout[m] the cauldron.
    I 've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
  Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
And take a share wi' those that bear
  The budget and the apron:
And by that stowp,[n] my faith and houp,
  And by that dear Kilbagie,[o]
If e'er ye want or meet wi' scant,
  May I ne'er weet my craigie![p]
    And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
  In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,[q]
  And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
  That shew'd a man o' spunk,

l To laugh *m* To mend kettles or cauldrons.
n A jug. *o* Whisky, so called from a celebrated distillery
p Throat. *q* Sore.

Wish'd unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk[r]
To their health that night.

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,[s]
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
Behind the chicken cavie.[t]
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,[u]
Though limping wi' the spavie,[w]
He hirpled[x] up, and lap like daft,[y]
And shor'd[z] them Dainty Davie
O' boot[a] that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had no wish—but to be glad,
Nor want—but when he thirsted;
He hated nought—but to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune.—*For a' that, an' a' that.*

I AM a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle-folks, an' a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,[b]
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that,
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife enough for a' that.

r To gurgle in the manner of a bottle when emptying
s A trick. *t* A pen, or coop.
u Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.
w Spavin. *x* Limped. *y* Leaped as if he was mad.
z Offered. *a* To boot. *b* Staring crowd.

I never drank the Muses stank,[c]
  Castalia's burn,[d] and a' that;
But there it reams,[e] and richly streams,
  My Helicon I ca' that.
    For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
  Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will I hold it still
  A mortal sin to thraw[f] that.
    For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
  Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,[g]
  Let inclination law[h] that.
    For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,[i]
  They 've taen me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and—Here 's the sex!
  I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
  And twice as muckle 's a' that,
My dearest blude to do them gude,
  They 're welcome till 't[k] for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause
  Re-echo'd from each mouth:
They toom'd their pocks,[l] they pawn'd their duds,[m]
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,[n]
  To quench their lowan[o] drouth.

c A standing pool of water. *d* Rivulet.
e Froths, or foams. *f* To contradict. *g* Sting.
h Rule, or govern. *i* Mad, vexed. *k* To it.
l Emptied their bags. *m* Rags. *n* Cover their tails.
o Raging thirst.

Then owre again the jovial thrang
The poet did request,
To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best:
He, rising, rejoicing
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune.—*Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*

See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty 's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where.
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Through the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here 's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here 's to all the wand'ring train!
Here 's our ragged brats[p] and callets![q]
One and all cry out, Amen!
A fig, &c.

p Clothing in general.
q A woman's cap made without a border.

THE END

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